

No. 22

64
PAGES
OF
Thrill-Packed
ACTION

DECEMBER, 1938

Detective COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢



FRIEND OF THE NEEDY. FOE OF THE
THE UNDERWORLD. **THE CRIM**
SON AVENGER APPEARS
IN THIS AND EVERY ISSUE!

BUDDY CAN
YA' SPARE A DIME?
I WANNA BUY
ONE TOO!

Only 10¢
EACH

Adventure
COMICS
Action
COMICS
64
PAGES

FUN
COMICS
64
PAGES



DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SLAM BRADLEY

61
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SLAM HAS AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET SHORTY ON THE CORNER OF E. 105 STREET AND, ST. CLAIR AT TWO P.M. - IT IS NOW THREE. SLAM, A MAN OF ACTION, HATES COOLING HIS HEELS FOR EVEN AN EXTRA MOMENT! HENCE, HIS RISING TEMPERATURE, WHICH BODES ILL FOR THE TARDY SHORTY!

KEEP ME WAITING AN HOUR OVERTIME, WILL HE? WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT SHORTY!

DR. L. K.
SIEGEL;
DENTIST
10403
ST. CLAIR

TICK-TOCK! TICK-TOCK! THE SOUND OF EACH EXTRA SECOND SLIPPING AWAY DRIVES SLAM FRANTIC! WON'T SHORTY EVER COME?

I'LL GIVE HIM ONE MORE MINUTE -- JUST ONE MORE MINUTE! AND, BY GOLLY, IF HE DOESN'T COME BY THEN-- I'LL EXPLODE!

WUXTRA-WUXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE ESCAPE OF FU ONYUI FROM PRISON! WUXTRA!

WHAT TH'--!

LEMME SEE THAT PAPER!

HEY! YA DON'T HAFTA GET TOUGH ABOUT IT!

GOOD LORD! - FUI ONYUI ESCAPED! -
IT WAS SHORTY AND I WHO PUT
THAT SLIPPERY SCOUNDREL BEHIND
THE BARS!

HEY, YOU! GIMMIE
MY T'REE CENTS!



HOLY MACKEREL! - SO THAT'S WHY
SHORTY HASN'T SHOWN UP! FUI
ONYUI WASTED NO TIME IN
GETTING HIS REVENGE!

ARE YOU DAFT? -
GIMMIE MY T'REE
CENTS OR I'LL
CALL A COP!

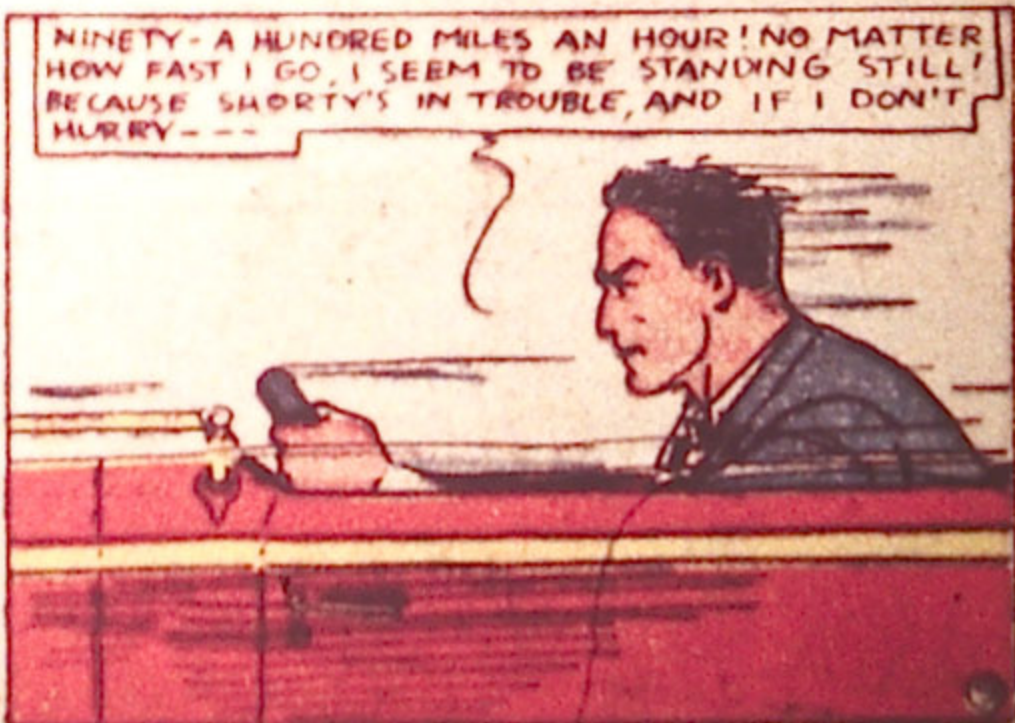


THIS CALLS FOR
PROMPT ACTION!

WHEE! A BUCK! - MISTER YOU MAY
BE CRAZY, BUT FROM NOW ON
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE CUSTOMER!



NINETY - A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR! NO MATTER
HOW FAST I GO, I SEEM TO BE STANDING STILL!
BECAUSE SHORTY'S IN TROUBLE, AND IF I DON'T
HURRY - - -



-- I MAY BE
TOO LATE!



ALL THE WAY UP TO MY FLOOR, AND
NO STOPS ON THE WAY, OR I MESS
YOUR PRETTY FACE!

V-YES,
SIR!



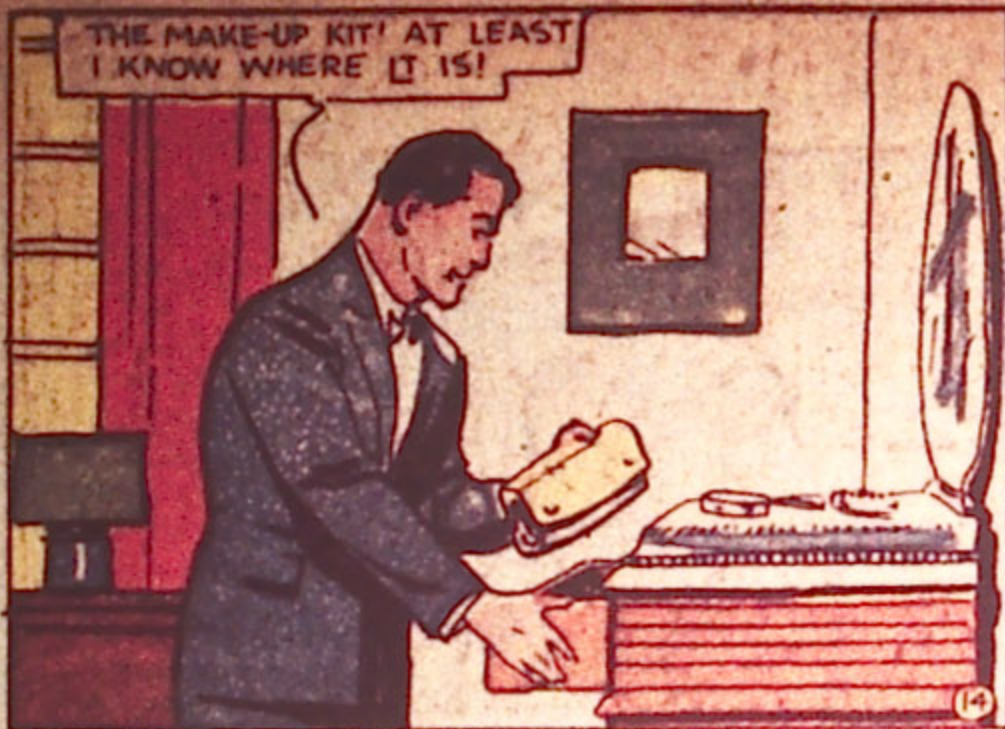
DOG-GONE! - I
FORGOT MY KEY!



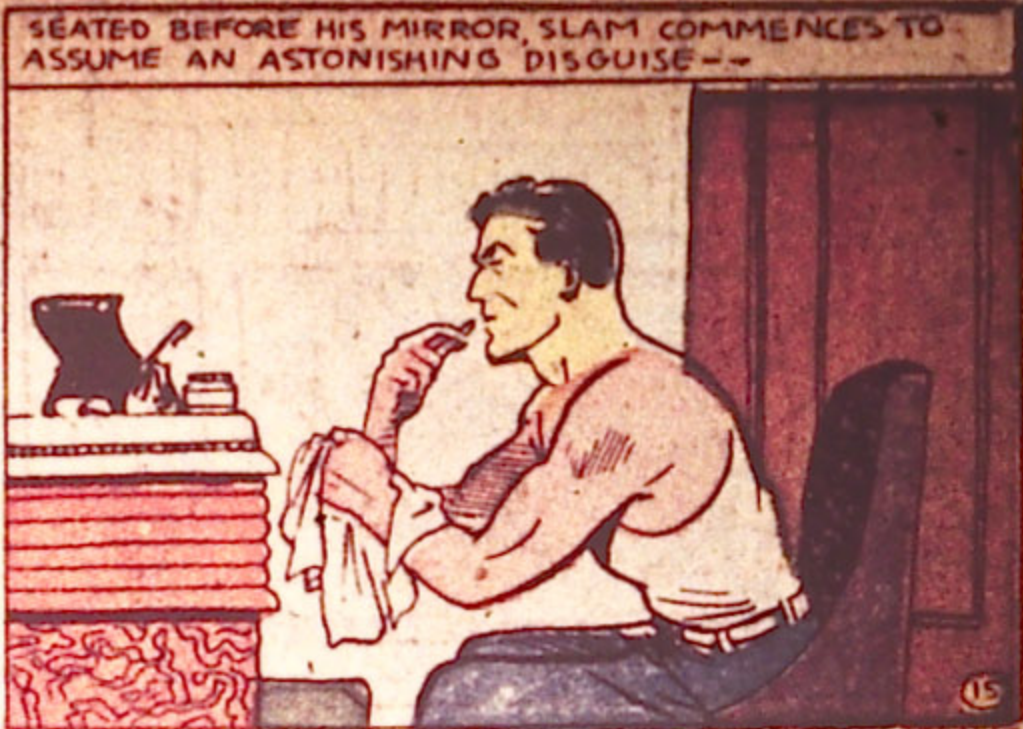
WELL, KEY OR NO KEY,
I'VE GOT TO GET IN!



THE MAKE-UP KIT! AT LEAST
I KNOW WHERE IT IS!



SEATED BEFORE HIS MIRROR, SLAM COMMENCES TO
ASSUME AN ASTONISHING DISGUISE--



SHORTLY LATER, A CRINGING ORIENTAL SHUFFLES OUT
OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING--SLAM BRADLEY!



LATER--IN CHINATOWN--

THE HIP-LONG CHOPHOUSE--ONE OF FUI
ONYUI'S FORMER ENTERPRISES--PERHAPS
I CAN UNEARTH A CLUE HERE.



SLAM ENTERS THE PLACE--EVERY SENSE ALERT--



--HE PASSES THRU THE RESTAURANT'S REAR, INTO
AN OPIUM DEN

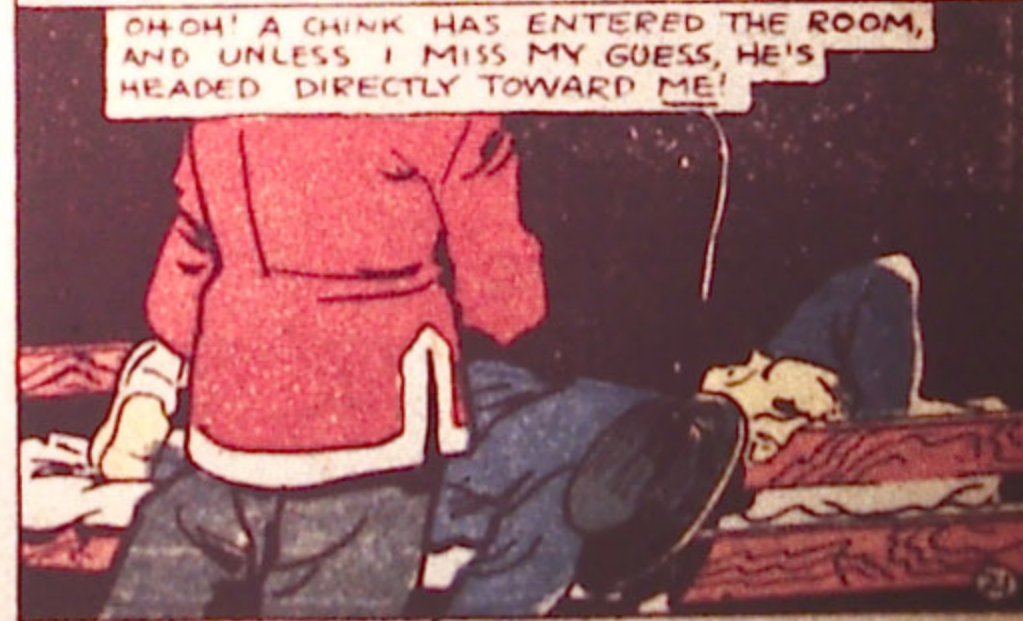


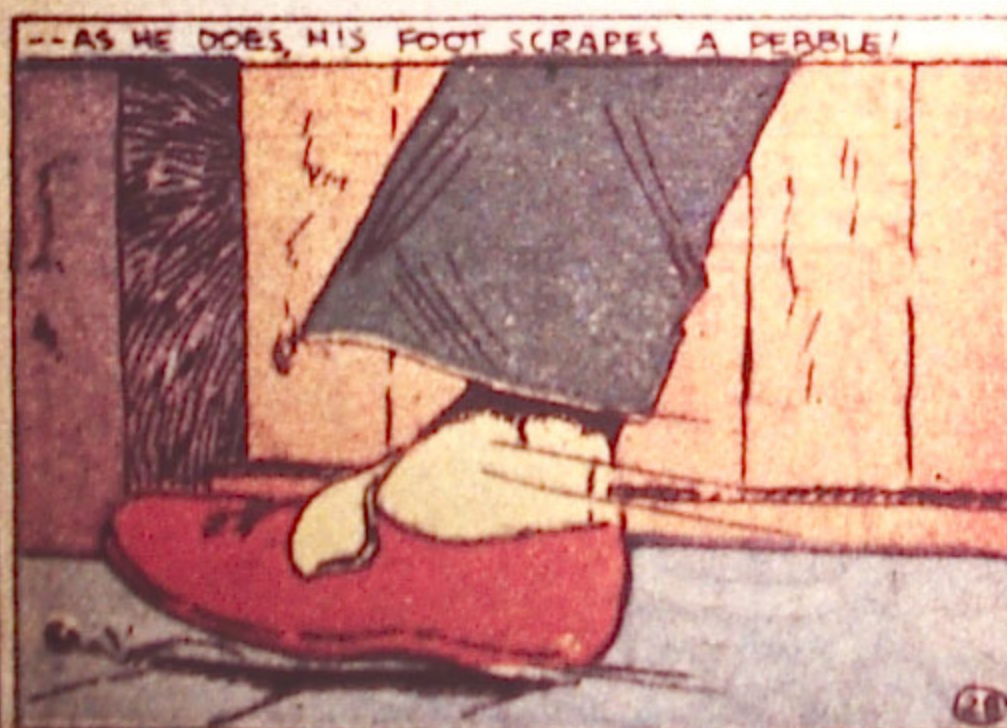
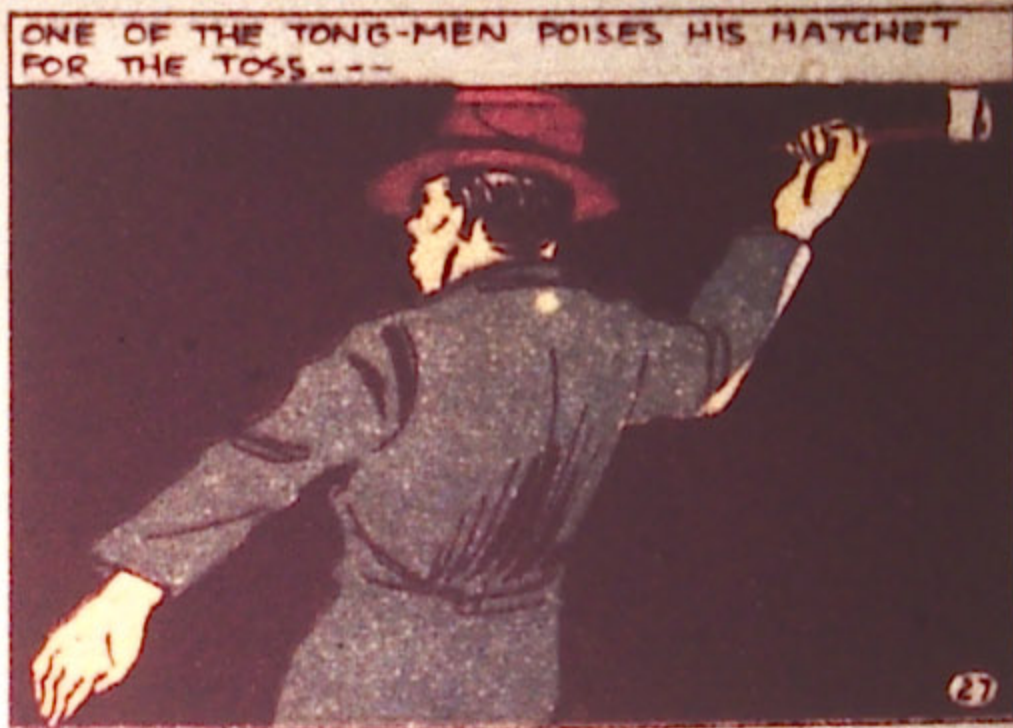
--THERE HE STRETCHES HIMSELF OUT UPON A COT, AND
PRETENDS TO PUFF AN OPIUM-PIPE HANDED TO HIM
BY AN ATTENDANT



THERE HE LIES, EVERY SENSE AWAKE, TENSE, AWAITING
THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF CONVERSATION THAT MIGHT
SEND HIM ON SHORTY'S TRAIL. SUDDENLY--

OH OH! A CHINK HAS ENTERED THE ROOM,
AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'S
HEADED DIRECTLY TOWARD ME!





SLAM DUCKS--AND JUST IN TIME--FOR A HATCHET WHIZZES BY, MISSING HIS HEAD BY INCHES, AND SPLITS THE SKULL OF THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE!



SLAM LEAPS AT THE KILLERS!

YOU YELLOW SKINKS!



WHILE HE THROTTLES ONE THE OTHER ASSASSIN PREPARES TO GET SLAM FROM THE REAR!



BUT THE KILLER IS FOILED BY THE CHINAMAN WHO HAD FOLLOWED SLAM FROM THE OPIUM DEN!



YOU SAVED ME--BUT WHY?

I, TOO, AM A DETECTIVE ON THE TRAIL OF FUI ONYUI! MY NAME IS YAT SIN.



GLAD TO MEET YOU, YAT SIN! BUT WE'D BETTER HURRY IF WE'RE TO SAVE MY PAL, SHORTY MORGAN.

YOU SPEAK WISDOM!



FURTHER ALONG THE TUNNEL THEY CONTINUE-- THEN--

LOOK! SOMETHING AHEAD!

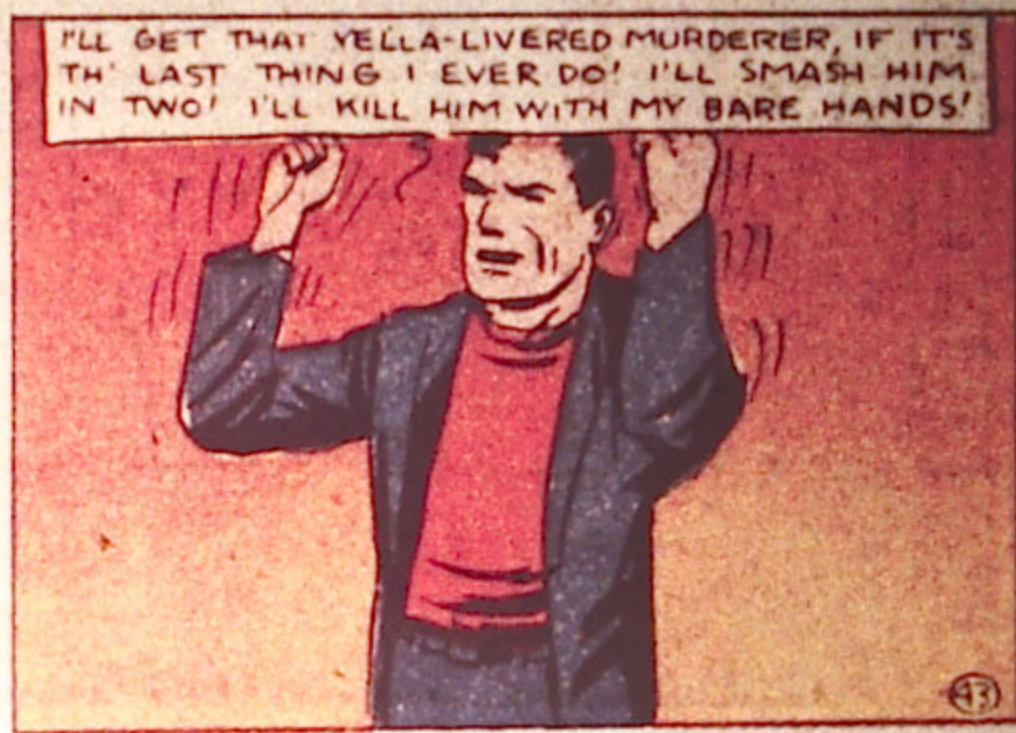
I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS!



IT LOOKS LIKE-- IT IS--

SHORTY!





IF YOU'VE ANYTHING TO SAY, SPIT IT OUT QUICK BEFORE I PULVERIZE YOU!

LET HIM TALK TO ME!



THE TWO CHINAMEN CONVERSE EXCITEDLY IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE

常所常所
常所常所
-- 常所!

常所常所
常所常所
-- 常所!



HIS MESSAGE IS THAT SHORTY ISN'T DEAD!

WH-WH-WHAT!



NO. SHORTY'S IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION! HE'S ALIVE, AND CAN UNDERSTAND ALL THAT OCCURS BUT HE'S POWERLESS TO MAKE ANY RESPONSE IN RETURN.



SHORTY ALIVE! BUT THAT'S WORSE THAN DEATH! FORCED TO LIVE AND YET NOT TO LIVE -- TO WATCH OTHERS MOVE, YET POWERLESS TO MOVE HIMSELF OR COMMUNICATE WITH THEM! DEATH WOULD BE MORE MERCIFUL! I'VE HALF A MIND TO ---



BUT THAT ISN'T ALL. SHORTY CAN BE RESCUED FROM THIS STATE WITH A CHEMICAL FUI ONYU! POSSESSES. IF YOU FOLLOW THIS GUIDE TO HIM, HE SAYS THAT PERHAPS YOU TWO CAN COME TO TERMS.

INFORM THE GUIDE. I'LL GO WITH HIM! -- BUT YOU REMAIN HERE WITH SHORTY.

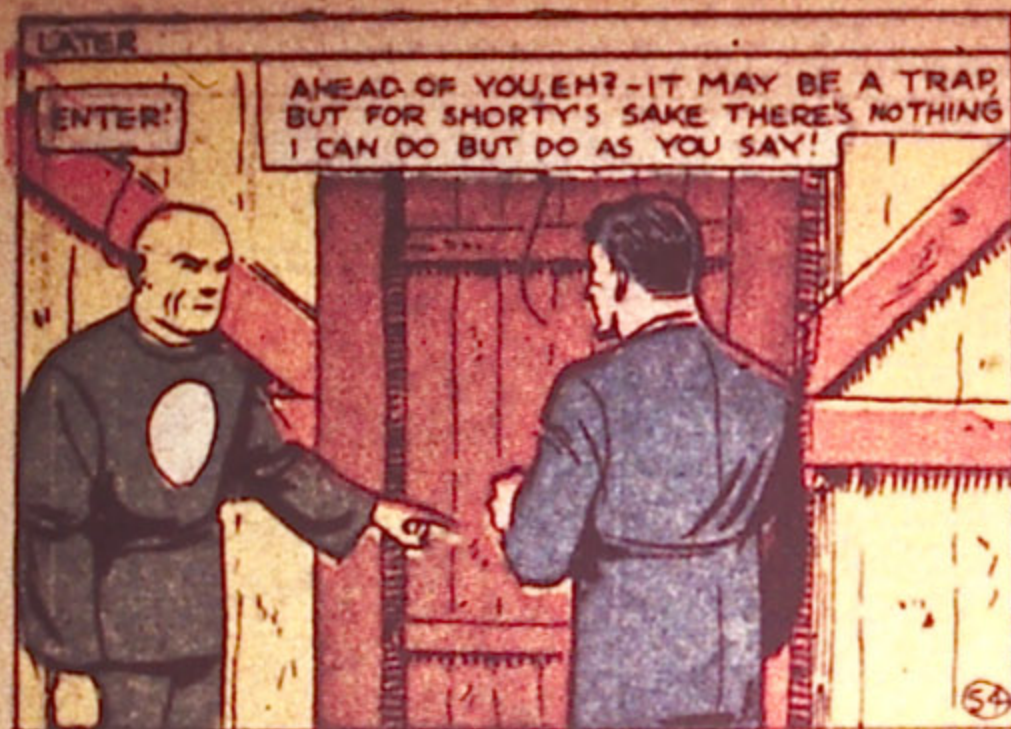


DON'T WORRY, SHORTY! I'M GOING WITH THE GUIDE NOW, BUT I'M NOT FORGETTING YOU! I'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO RESCUE YOU FROM THIS LIVING HELL!



SLAM DEPARTS WITH THE GUIDE -- TO WHAT FATE?





UNDER THAT CONDITION, AND THAT ALONE, WILL I FREE SHORTY! — WILL YOU COMPLY?

LET ME — HAVE A MOMENT — TO THINK!



I'LL PLAY FOR TIME, STRING ALONG, AND WAIT FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO TURN THE TABLES!



I'VE NO ALTERNATIVE, BUT TO AGREE!

GOOD! — THE MAN TO BE KILLED IS JUDGE PHILLIPS, WHO SENTENCED ME TO PRISON — THUS WILL I ACCOMPLISH A DOUBLE-VENGEANCE!



LATER, SLAM STROLLS TOWARD THE JUDGE'S APARTMENT, ONE HAND CLUTCHING A GUN IN HIS POCKET!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT — THERE MUST!



BEHIND HIM TRAILS A TONGMAN TO OBSERVE WHETHER HE CARRIES OUT HIS MISSION SUCCESSFULLY.



SLAM SCALES THE FIRE-ESCAPE TOWARD PHILLIPS' ROOM —



— AND PAUSES OUTSIDE THE JUDGE'S WINDOW!



ACROSS THE STREET THE TRAILER WAITS AND WATCHES EXPECTANTLY —



WITHIN HIS APARTMENT, THE OLD JUDGE CONTENTEDLY
READS THE EVENING PAPER, ENJOYING THE COMFORT
OF HIS PIPE AND ARMCHAIR--



SLAM SLOWLY RAISES, THEN LEVELS HIS WEAPON-- SWEAT
BEADS HIS BROW--



--AND FIRES!

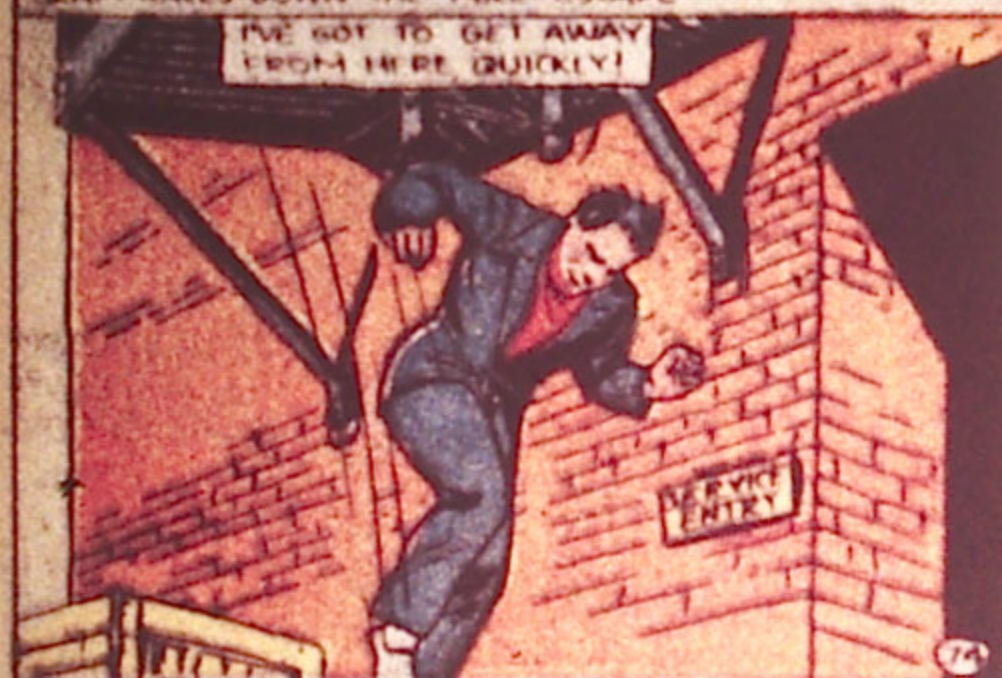


WITH A CONVULSIVE JERK, THE OLD JUDGE TOPPLES
FACE-FORWARD ONTO THE FLOOR, AND LIES STILL--



SLAM RACES DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE--

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE QUICKLY!



THERE'S BEEN NO MENTION OF SLAM BRADLEY
ON THE POLICE CALL 'IF HE'S DOUBLE-CROSSED ME--

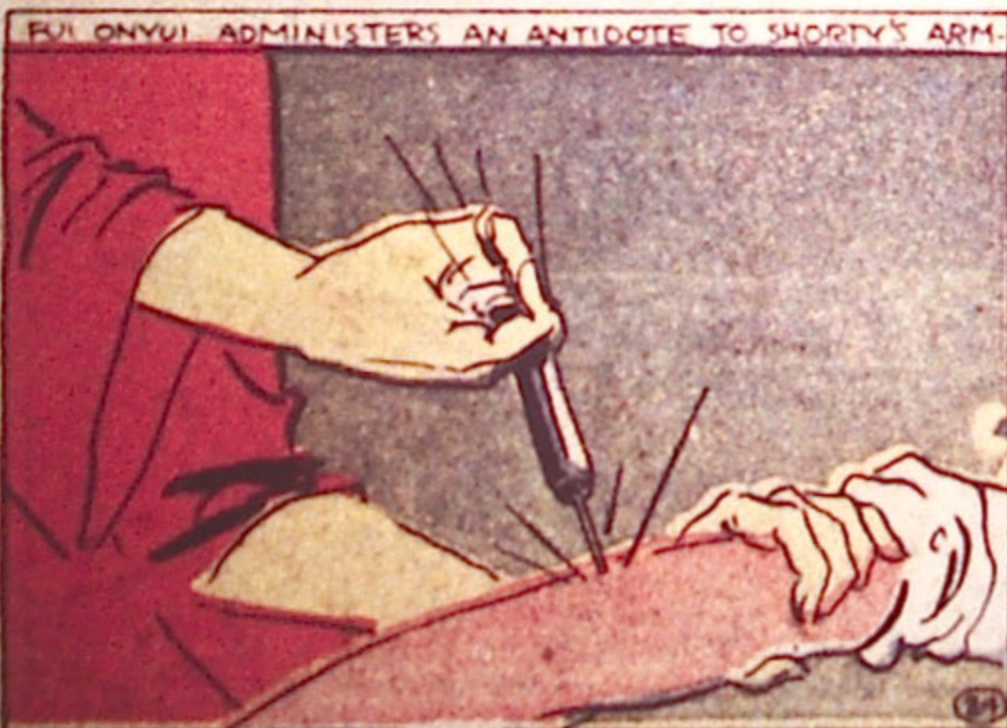
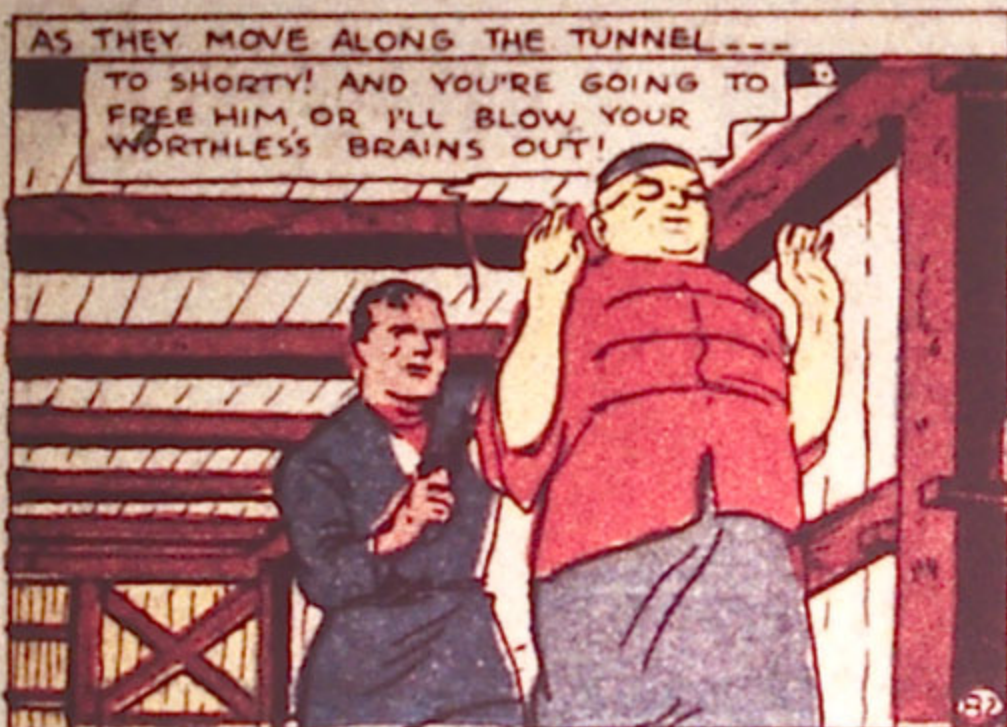
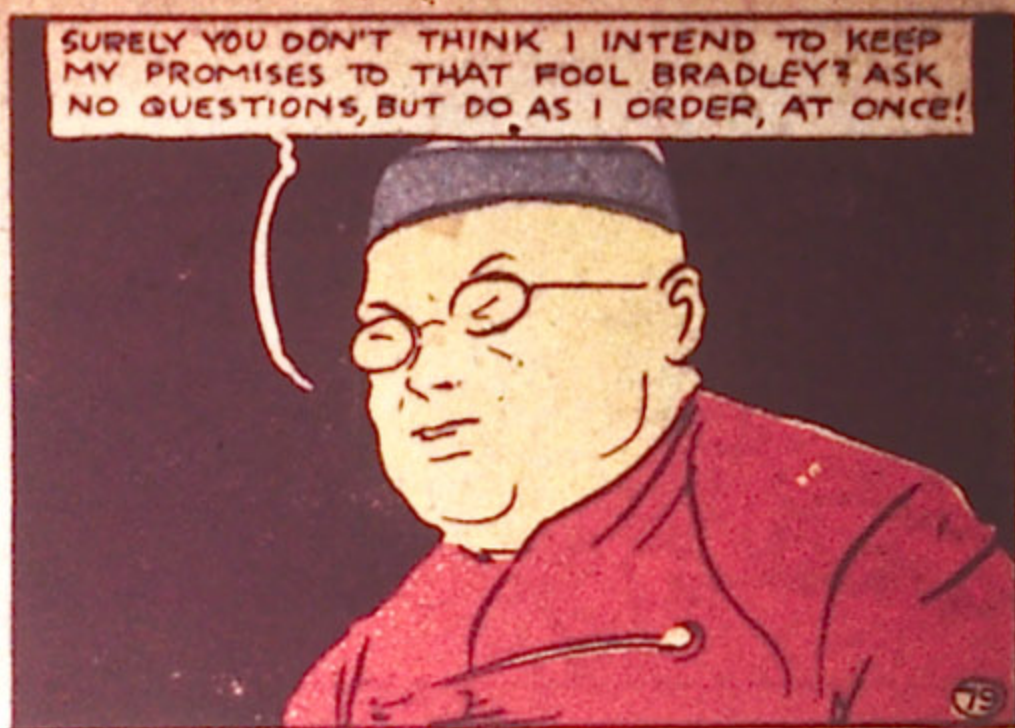
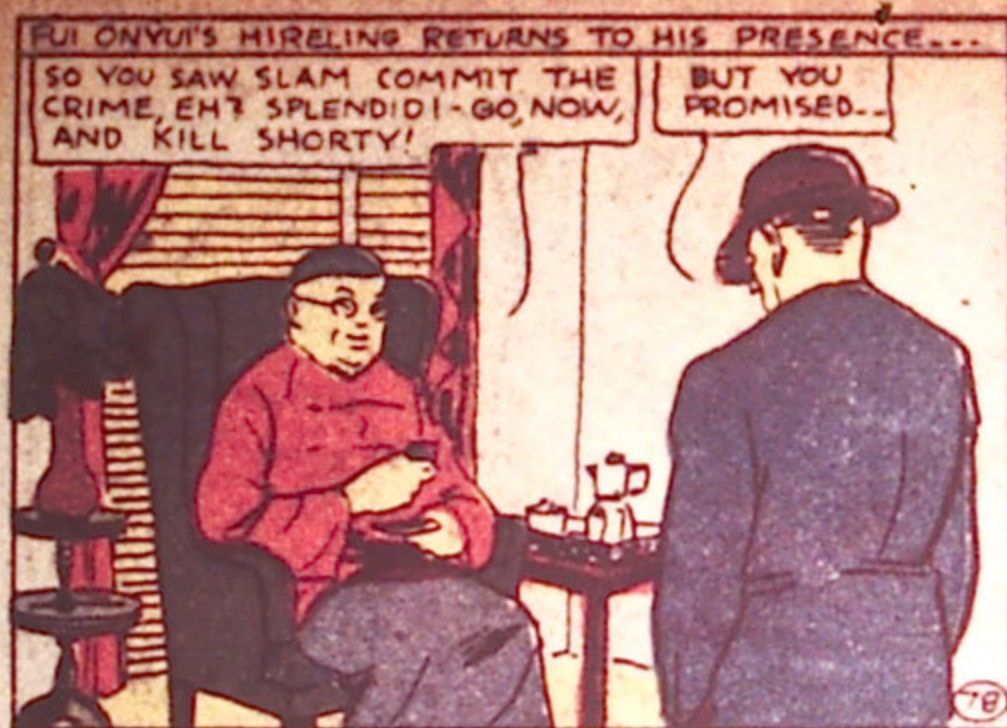


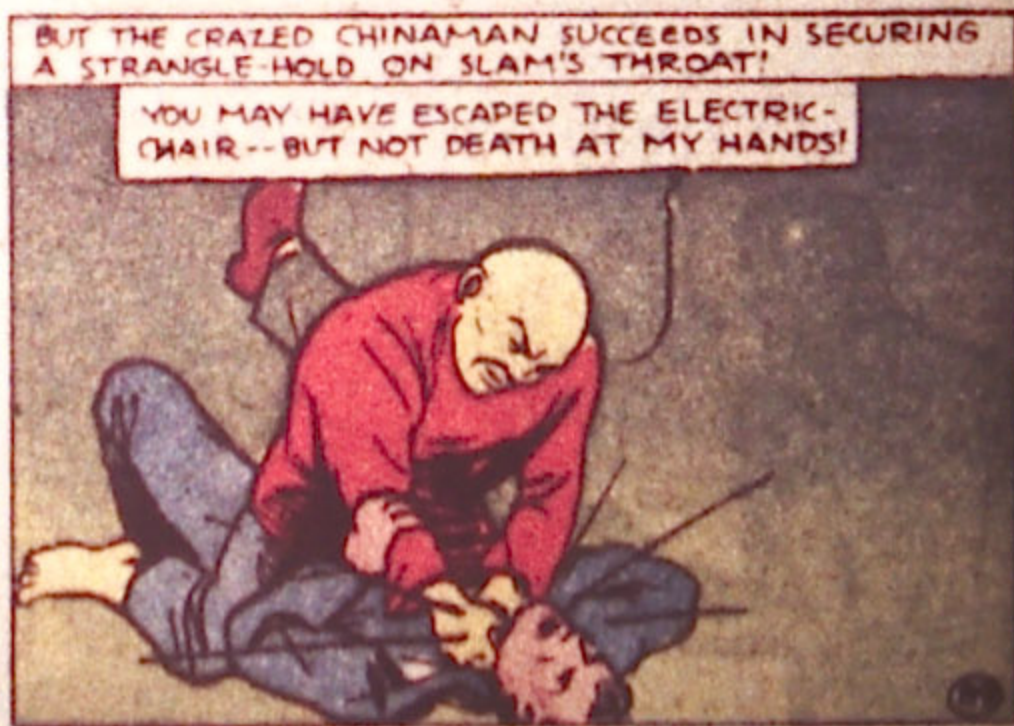
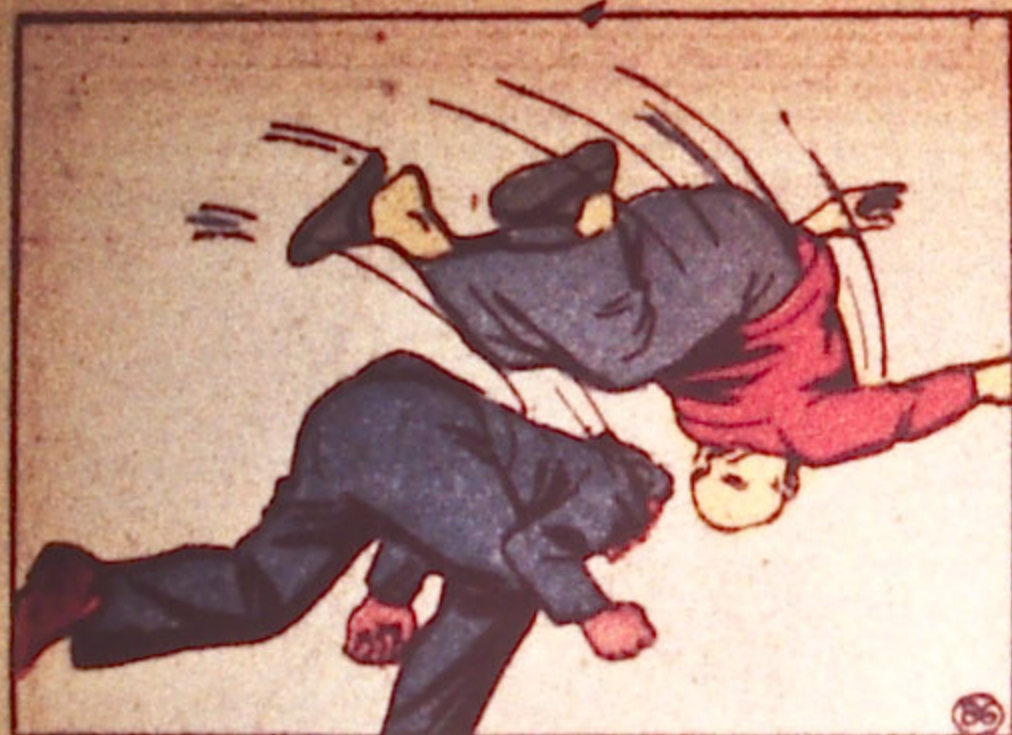
ATTENTION ALL POLICE-CARS! BE ON
THE LOOKOUT FOR SLAM BRADLEY,
ESCAPED MURDERER!-ARREST ON SIGHT!

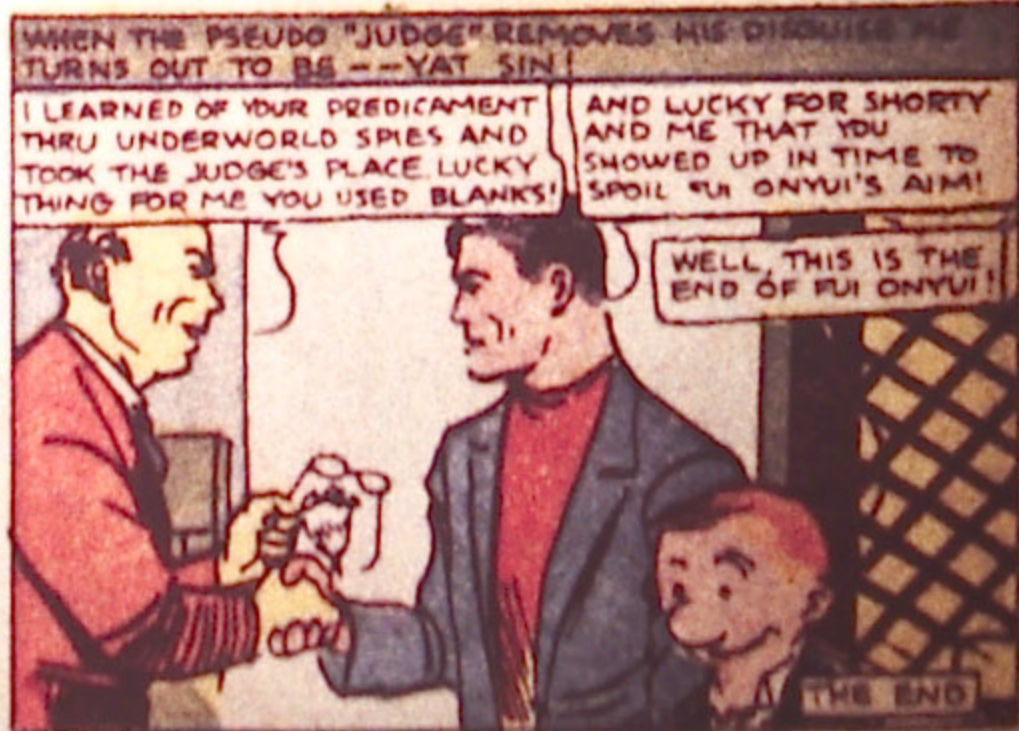
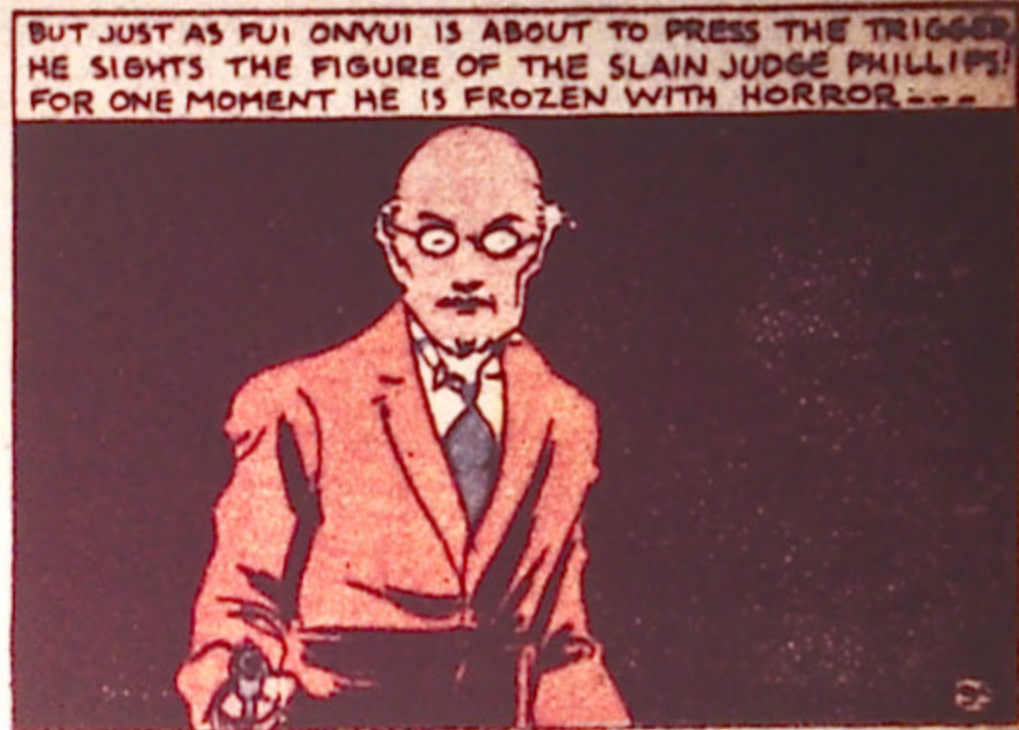
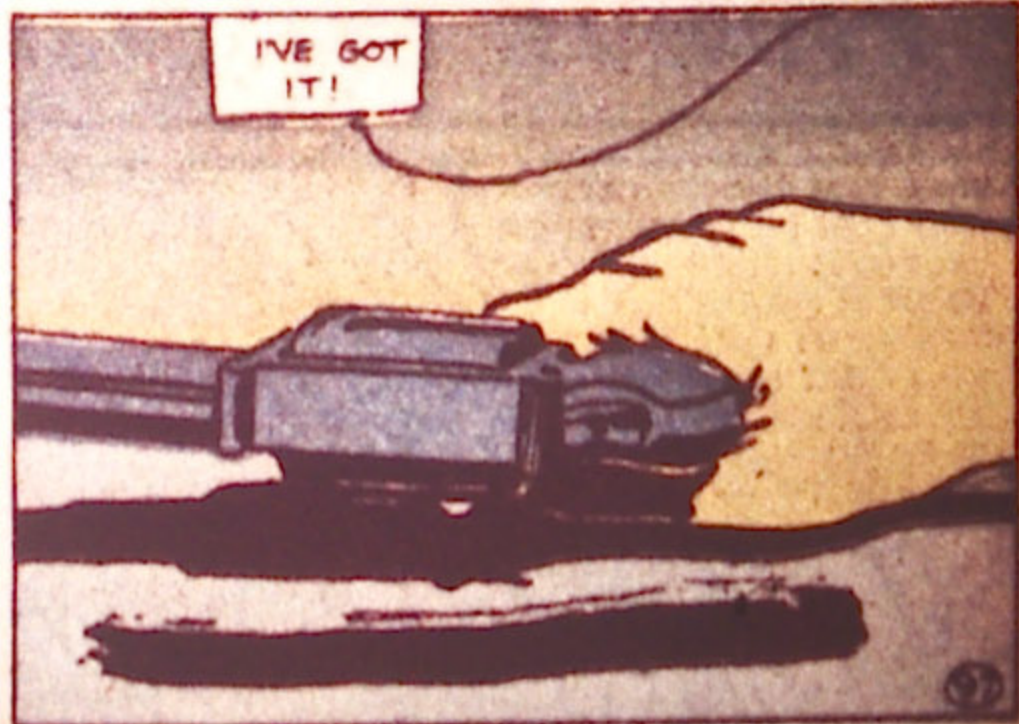


IT WORKED!-MY VENGEANCE IS FULL-
FILLED! SLAM BRADLEY SHALL DIE IN
THE ELECTRIC-CHAIR, COMPLETELY DISGRACED!









LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE



by Will Ely

WELL ONE THING'S CERTAIN - THIS COW PATH CERTAINLY ISN'T THE ROAD - BOY! WHAT A NIGHT! WITH THIS RAIN I CAN'T SEE TWO FEET AHEAD OF ME - I'LL HAVE TO TURN AROUND AND GO BACK ---



HOLY SMOKES! BRAKES DON'T FAIL ME!



BABY! IF I HADN'T CRACKED UP ON THAT POST I'D BE IN THAT RAGING TORRENT DOWN THERE - THE BRIDGE HAS WASHED OUT SINCE I PASSED HERE -

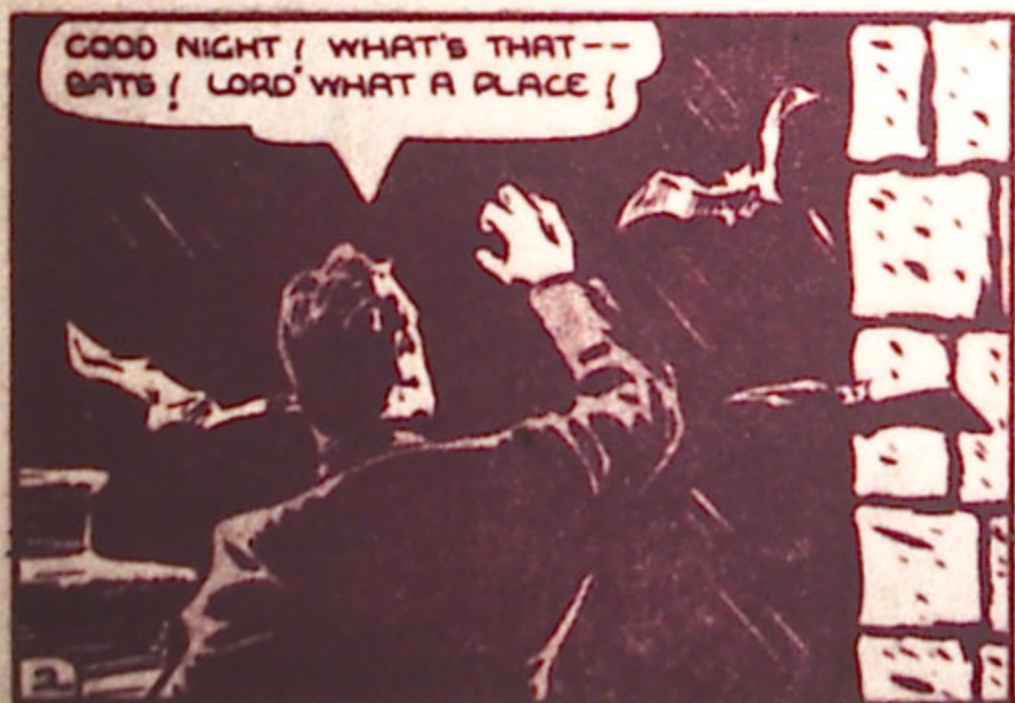


NICE GOING!! THE BLASTED WHEEL'S SMASHED! I'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT---



LOOK AT THAT OLD PLACE UP THERE ON THE PRECIPICE - I WONDER IF I CAN GET SHELTER TILL THIS CLOUDBURST IS OVER ---





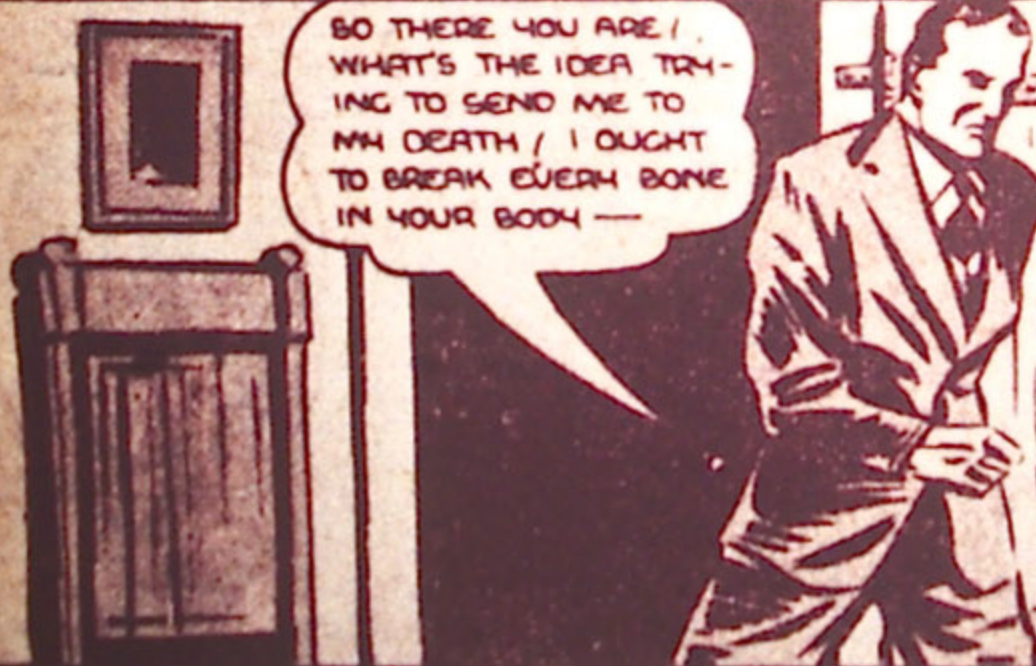
SO! THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS --- BUT THEY END HERE - IF THAT LIGHTNING HADN'T FLARED JUST THEN I'D BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT PIT RIGHT NOW ---



I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS HERE! WHY SHOULD THAT OLD CEEZER WANT TO BUMP ME OFF ---



SO THERE YOU ARE! WHAT'S THE IDEA TRYING TO SEND ME TO MY DEATH! I OUGHT TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY ---



NO! NO! I MEANT NO HARM - I'M OLD AND I FORGET THINGS - THAT PART OF THE HOUSE HASN'T BEEN USED IN YEARS - I FORGOT ABOUT THE STAIRS - BELIEVE ME I'LL FIX YOU A PLACE TO BLEED DOWN HERE ---



NOW MIND YOU, GRANDPA - NO MORE TRICKS OR THIS LITTLE POPGUN MIGHT GO OFF ---



COSH, WHAT A PLACE - I'VE GOT THE CREEPS - NO USE TRYING TO SLEEP ---



LARRY PASSES TIME BY SMOKING ONE CIGARETTE AFTER ANOTHER --- AFTER PERHAPS AN HOUR HAS PASSED HE IS BROUGHT UP WITH A START AS A WEIRD UNHOLY SCREAM ECHOES THRU THE DARK CORRIDORS ---

EEEEEEEEE!



THAT CAME FROM DOWN THIS WAY SOMEWHERE ---





OH HHH / TWO MORE —



LARRY TURNS AND BOLTS FOR AN EXIT, BUT FINDING IT CLOSED RACES UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS ONTO A BALCONY —



PAUSING AT THE LANDING HE HURLS A HEAVY TABLE AT HIS PURSUERS —



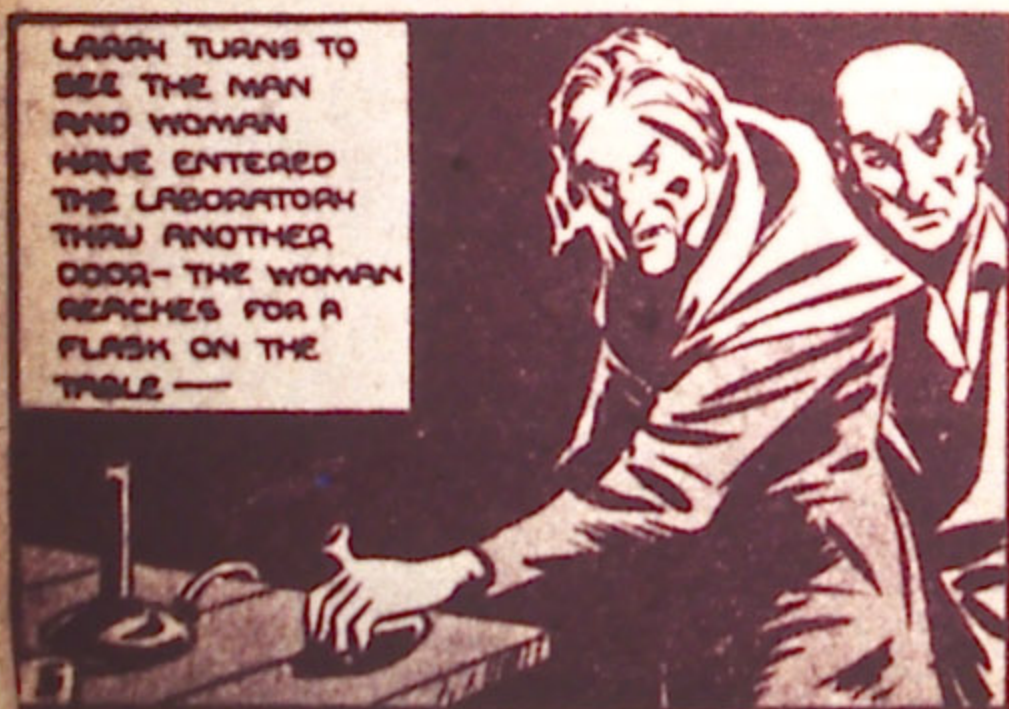
THERE - SAFE FOR A MOMENT / I ONLY HOPE THE DOOR HOLDS - GOSH WHAT A PLACE I PICKED TO SPEND THE NIGHT / NOW IS A PERSON SUPPOSED TO FIGHT A HERD OF LUNATICS ANYHOW /



THIS SEEMS TO BE A LABORATORY - WHAT'S THAT !!



LARRY TURNS TO SEE THE MAN AND WOMAN HAVE ENTERED THE LABORATORY THRU ANOTHER DOOR - THE WOMAN REACHES FOR A FLASK ON THE TABLE —



NOW WE SHALL ALL DIE / I'M GOING TO BLOW THIS PLACE TO BITS !!



BUT LARRY
SENSING THE
DANGER FLINGS
HIMSELF OUT OF
THE ROOM AND
DOWN THE STAIRS—
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY—



LUCKILY HE
ESCAPES WITH
HIS LIFE—HE
CRAWLS TO HIS
FEET SHAKING
THE DEBRIS
FROM HIM—



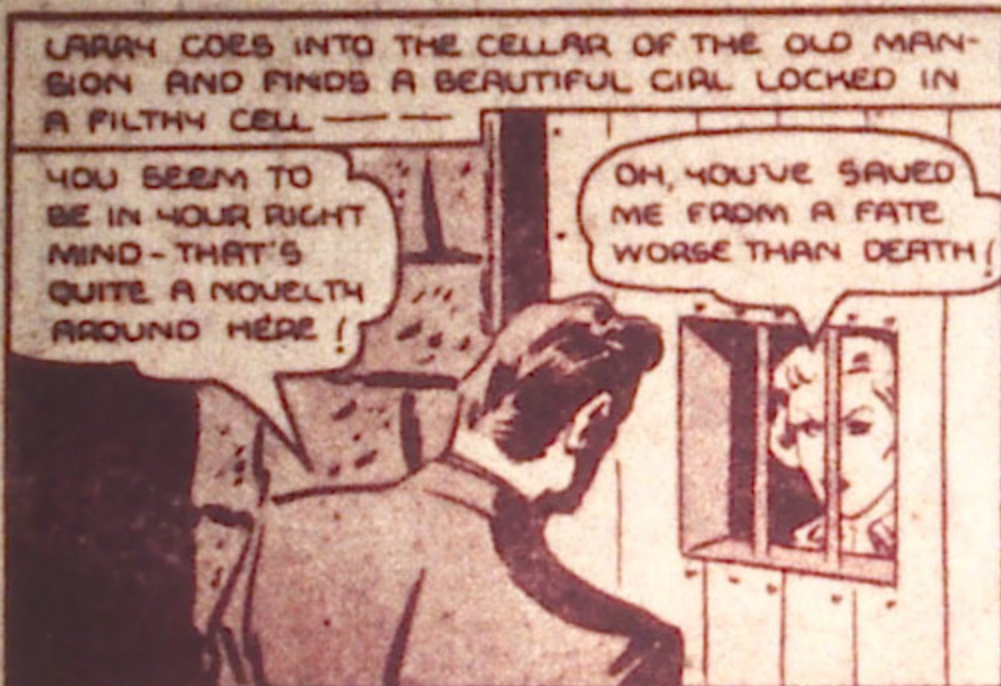
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS
LIKE SOMEONE CALLING
FOR HELP—



LARRY GOES INTO THE CELLAR OF THE OLD MAN-
SION AND FINDS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LOCKED IN
A FILTHY CELL—

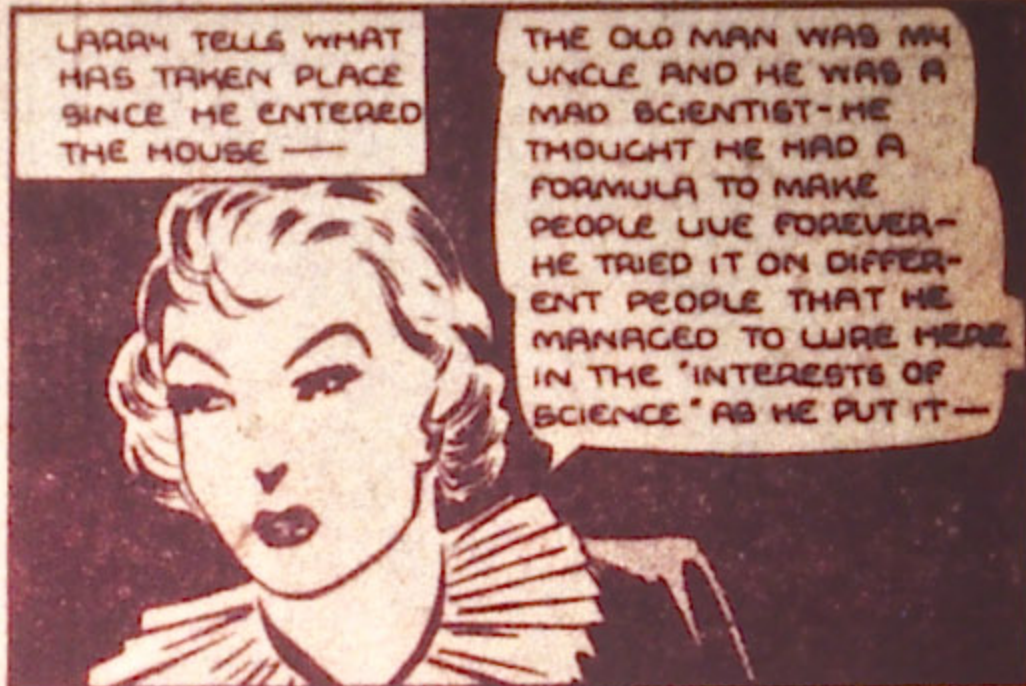
YOU SEEM TO
BE IN YOUR RIGHT
MIND—THAT'S
QUITE A NOVELTY
AROUND HERE!

OH, YOU'VE SAVED
ME FROM A FATE
WORSE THAN DEATH!



LARRY TELLS WHAT
HAS TAKEN PLACE
SINCE HE ENTERED
THE HOUSE—

THE OLD MAN WAS MY
UNCLE AND HE WAS A
MAD SCIENTIST—HE
THOUGHT HE HAD A
FORMULA TO MAKE
PEOPLE LIVE FOREVER—
HE TRIED IT ON DIFFER-
ENT PEOPLE THAT HE
MANAGED TO WARE HERE
IN THE "INTERESTS OF
SCIENCE" AS HE PUT IT—



HOW ABOUT THE
OTHERS—THEY
SEEMED A BIT
ODD TO SAY
THE LEAST—

THEY WENT MAD AFTER HE
GAVE THEM HIS "TREATMENTS"
TODAY ONE OF THEM BROKE
LOOSE AND KILLED HIM—THAT'S
ABOUT WHERE YOU CAME IN—



YES, AND THIS IS
WHERE WE "TAKE
A POWDER" IT'S
STOPPED RAINING
WE CAN GET TO A
TOWN AND REPORT
THIS NOW—

—AND WILL I BE CAPABLE TO
GET HOME AGAIN, AFTER
THIS EXPERIENCE!



THE CRIMSON AVENGER

INSPIRED BY THE UNDERWORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF DEPRIVING THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG LEADER OF THE GLOBE

Jim Chambers

YES, MAC, OUR PAPER HAS OFFERED A \$5000 REWARD FOR THE CRIMSON-- DEAD OR ALIVE.

WELL I'M GONNA FIND HIM. I'VE GOT FRIENDS IN THE UNDERWORLD AND ON THE POLICE FORCE.

I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY. WING AND I HAVE COVERED OUR TRACKS.

THREE DAYS LATER--

I GOT A TIP OFF AND I KNOW WHO THE CRIMSON IS, TRAVIS!

THAT'S FINE, MAC.

LEE CALLS HIS HOUSE--

HELLO, WING! MAC KENSIE HAS BEEN TRAILING THE CRIMSON. HE'S GOT A TIP ON WHO IT IS! CHECK ON EVERYTHING--- FIND OUT WHERE WE HAVE SLIPPED UP

LEE GOES TO INTERVIEW THE NEW D.A.--

WELL MR. GATES HAVE YOU DUG UP ANYTHING ON THE INFORMERS DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS?

I'VE GOT ALL THE FACTS AND NAMES RIGHT HERE. IT'S ONE OF OUR POLICE-MEN, I'M SURE!

MEANWHILE AT THE POLICE STATION--

DID YOU GET ANY MORE DOGS ON THE CRIMSON, SARGE?

I'VE GOT IT ALL HERE. I'M TAKING THE REPORTS OVER TO THE D.A. FOR SAFE KEEPING.

SERGEANT HAINES MEETS LEE AND THE D.A. ON THE STREET—

HELLO, MR. GATES. I WAS JUST COMING UP TO SEE YOU. I WANT TO KEEP THIS INFORMATION ABOUT THE CRIMSON IN YOUR SAFE. I'LL HAVE HIM SOON.

THAT'S FINE, SERGEANT. THIS IS MR. TRAVIS OF THE UNION LEADER. HE'S OFFERED A REWARD FOR THE CRIMSON!

YES, THERE'S \$5,000 IN IT SERGEANT.



I'LL PUT IT IN MY HOUSE SAFE, WITH THESE OTHER PAPERS.

BY THE WAY HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING MORE ON THE LEAK DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS.

YES, I JUST GOT A LIST OF NAMES OF ALL THE MEN INVOLVED.

GOOD! ONE OF YOUR REPORTERS HAS BEEN HELPING ME THAT LEAK AND ON THE CRIMSON ANGLE, MR. TRAVIS. WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT THAT REWARD.



HM, I GUESS HE MEANS MACKENSIE. I'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE PAPERS!



SERGEANT HAINES ENTERS A POOL ROOM—

ROUND UP THE BOYS, GLIP. BIG JOB TONIGHT!

OK. BOSS.



MEANWHILE LEE RETURNS HOME—

WING, HAVE MY MASK, CAPE AND GUN READY! THE CRIMSON RIDES TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT IN A CELLAR IN A TOUGH SECTION OF TOWN—

HERE'S THE PLAN, BOYS.
I GO TO THE D.A. FIRST
AN' KEEP HIM IN THE
OTHER ROOM WHILE YOU
GUYS RIFLE THE SAFE.



WE'RE GOING TO PAY THE
D.A. A VISIT AND GET THOSE
PAPERS THAT HAINES GAVE
HIM!



WHY GOOD EVENING,
HAINES. COME IN.



I JUST DROPPED
IN TO GO OVER
THAT DOPE I
HAVE ON THE
CRIMSON.

I HAVE IT HERE IN
MY SAFE ALONG WITH
THAT MATERIAL ON
THE HEADQUARTERS LEAK.



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA
WHO THE MEN ARE?



IT THINK IT'S THE WORK
OF ONE OF OUR OWN
POLICEMEN WHO HAS
BEEN TAKING BRIBES
FROM THE UNDERWORLD
FOR TIP-OFFS.



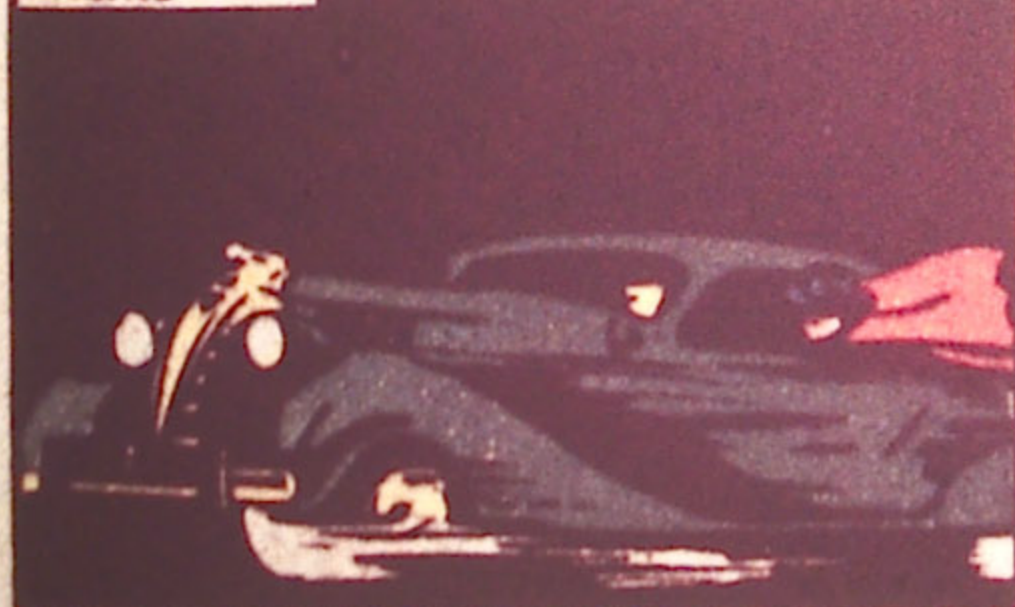
DIS IS THE JOINT,
SLIP! PULL UP
BEHIND THEM
BUSHES.



SILENT MASKED FIGURES ENTER THE D.A.'S HOUSE----



ANOTHER CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE D.A.'S HOME----

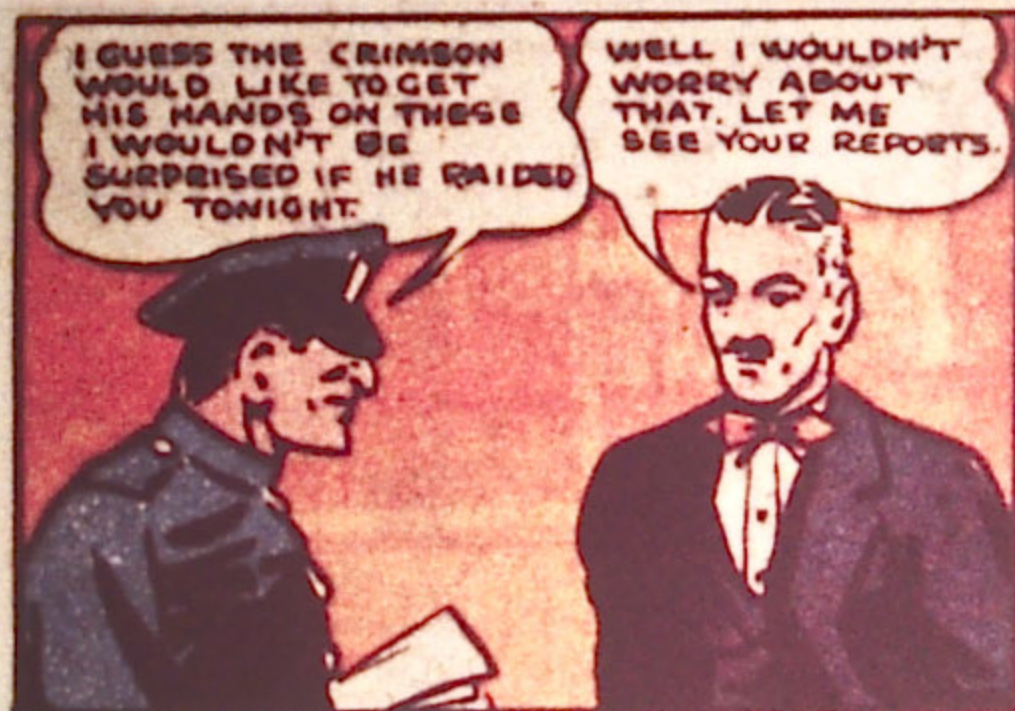


WING, WE MUST GET THE PAPERS THE D.A. HAS IN HIS SAFE! THE CRIMSON MUSTN'T BE CAUGHT NOW!

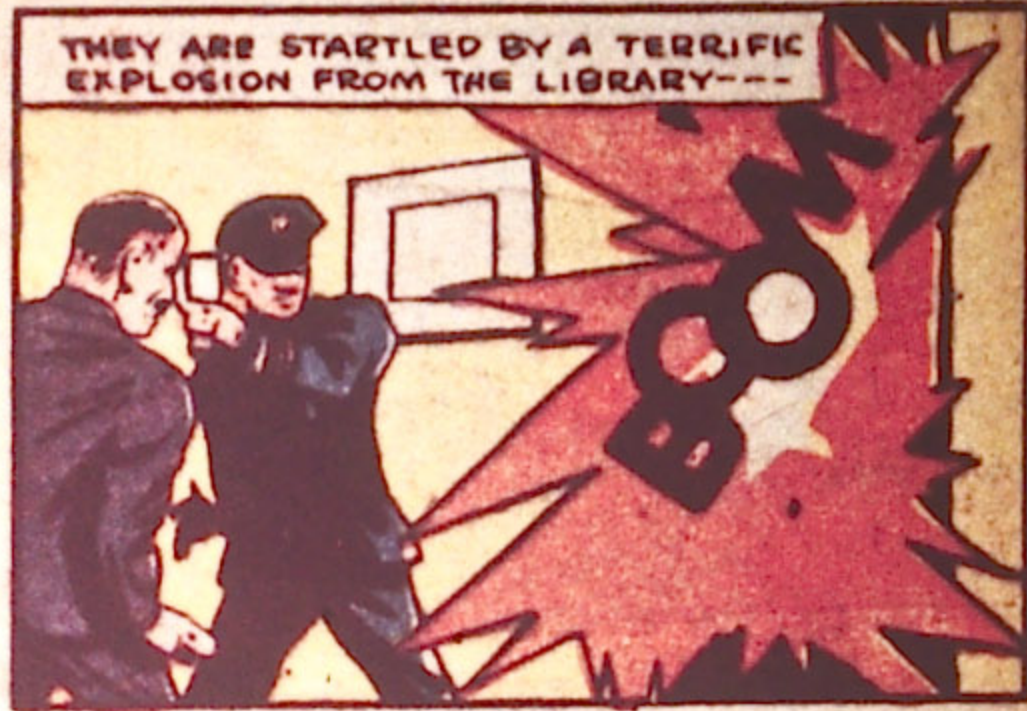


I GUESS THE CRIMSON WOULD LIKE TO GET HIS HANDS ON THESE. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE RAIDED YOU TONIGHT.

WELL I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. LET ME SEE YOUR REPORTS.



THEY ARE STARTLED BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FROM THE LIBRARY----

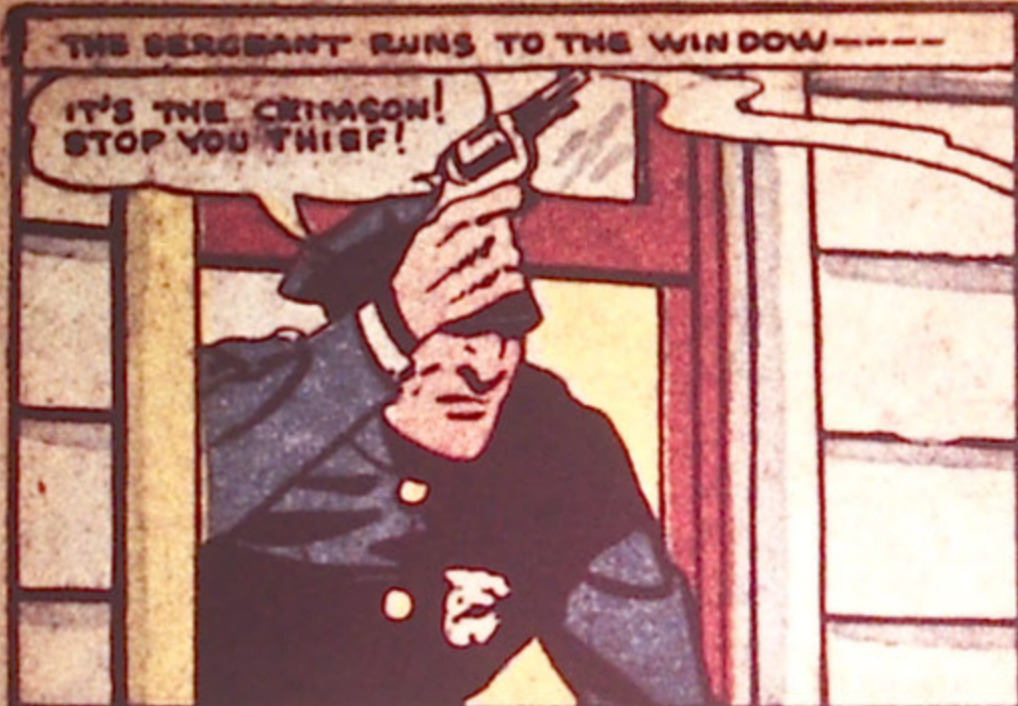


IT'S THE SAFE! THERE GOES THE THIEF!



THE SERGEANT RUNS TO THE WINDOW-----

IT'S THE CRIMSON!
STOP YOU THIEF!



THE SAFE IS CLEANED!
THOSE OTHER PAPERS
ARE GONE!



I THINK I HIT HIM--
I'M GOING AFTER
HIM!



O.K. BOYS, GOOD WORK,
NOW LET'S CLEAR
OUT OF HERE!



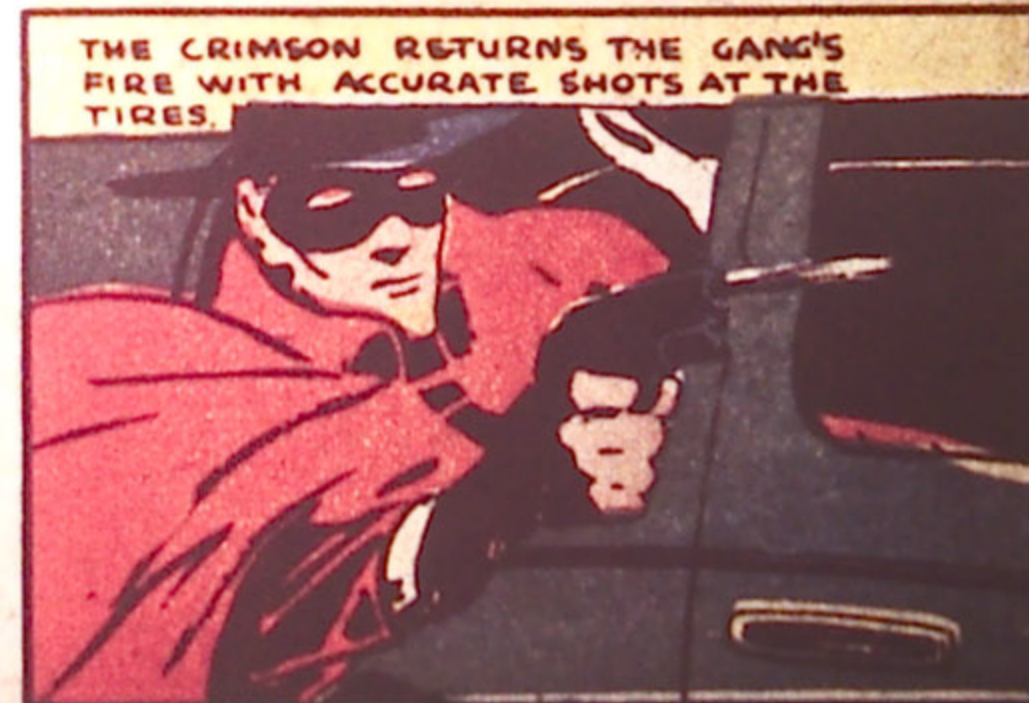
THERE'S SOMETHING UP WING!
DID YOU HEAR THAT EXPLOSION?
THERE THEY GO---- FOLLOW THAT
CAR!



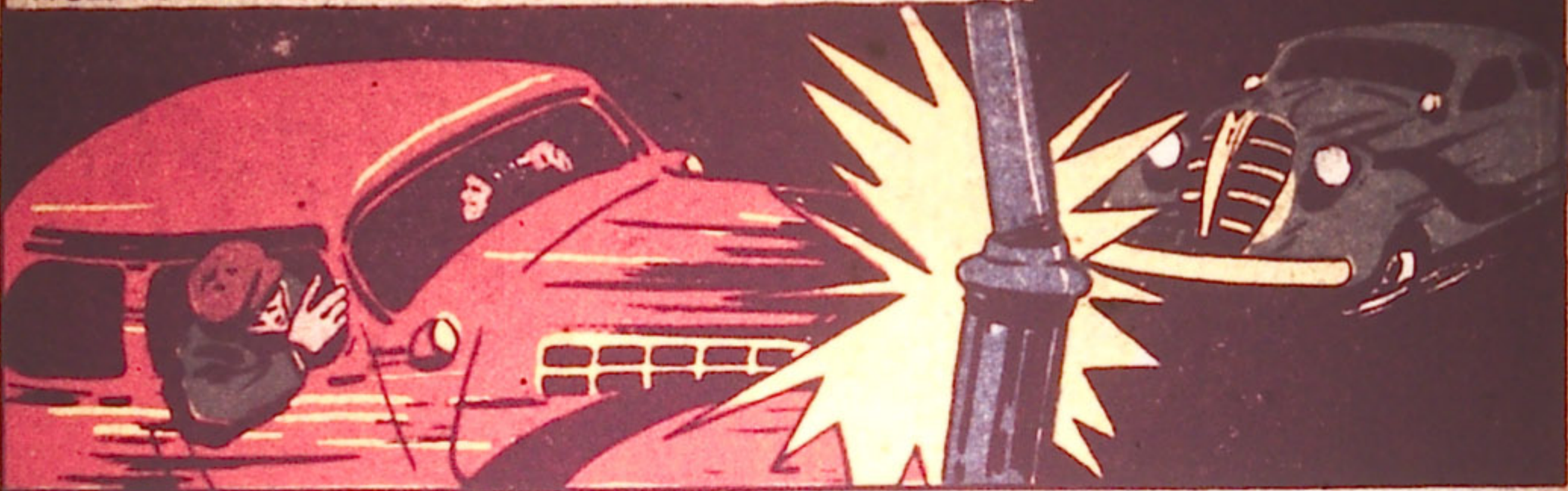
THE FUGITIVE CAR TAKES A CORNER ON TWO
WHEELS --



THE CRIMSON RETURNS THE GANG'S
FIRE WITH ACCURATE SHOTS AT THE
TIRES.



A BLOWOUT THROWS THE CRIMINAL'S CAR INTO A POST--



HM--EVERYONE OF THEM KNOCKED OUT-- WELL I'LL TAKE HAINES ALONG WITH ME.



AS THEY HEAD BACK TO THE D.A.'S HOUSE THE CRIMSON INSPECTS THE PAPERS.

HERE'S THE DOPE ON THE CRIMSON AND JUST AS I THOUGHT NOTHING BUT BLANK PAPER.



THE CRIMSON! YOU'VE MURDERED HAINES!



NO, HE'S JUST OUT FOR AWHILE BUT HE'S THE MAN YOU WANT. HE'S THE ONE THAT'S BEEN TIPPING OFF THE CROOKS!



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- HAINES WAS---

YES--A FORMER JAIL BIRD AS FAR AS THE INFORMATION ABOUT ME-- HERE'S A SHEAF OF BLANK PAPER I FOUND ON HAINES.



WILL THIS CLEAR THE CRIMSON'S NAME OR WILL HE CONTINUE TO BE THE FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW AND THE TERROR OF THE UNDERWORLD? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Nelson.

AND THE

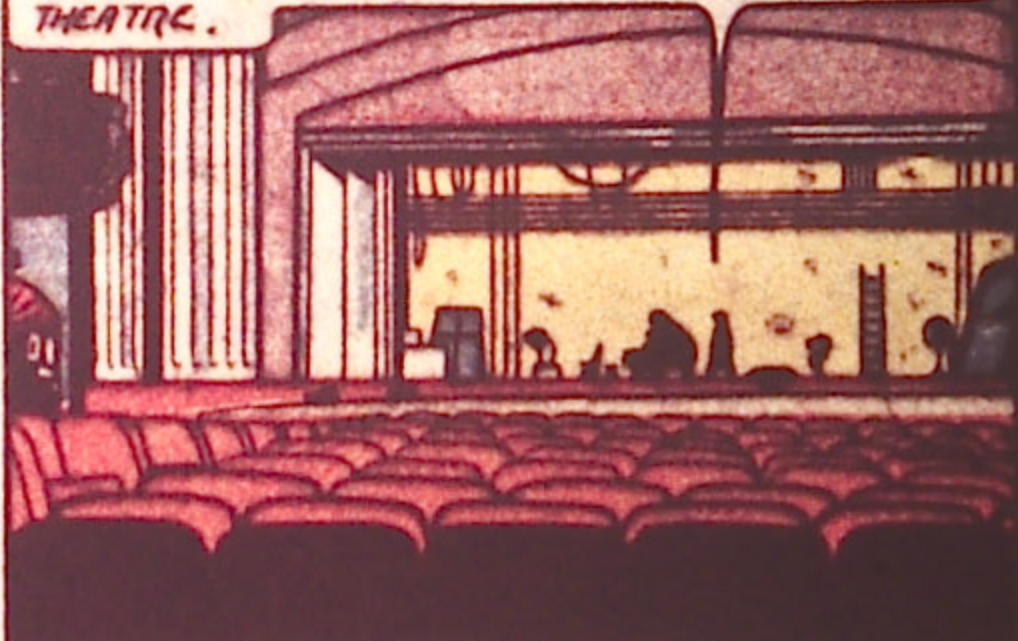
by Tom Hickey.



IT'S PRETTY LATE, THE THEATRE WILL BE EMPTY NOW. I'LL LET MYSELF IN WITH THE KEY RENICK GAVE ME AND GO THRU MRS. WARREN'S LOCKER. I HAVE A HUNCH I'LL FIND SOMETHING OF INTEREST THERE.



BOY! NOTHING CAN SEEM EMPTIER THAN AN EMPTY THEATRE.



WELL, HERE'S MRS. WARREN'S LOCKER. NOW FOR THE PASS KEY.



WELL LOOK AT THIS! A THROAT SPRAY! THE SAME AS THE ONE ON THE DRESSING TABLE IN THE STAR'S DRESSING ROOM. I'LL TAKE A LOOK TO MAKE SURE.



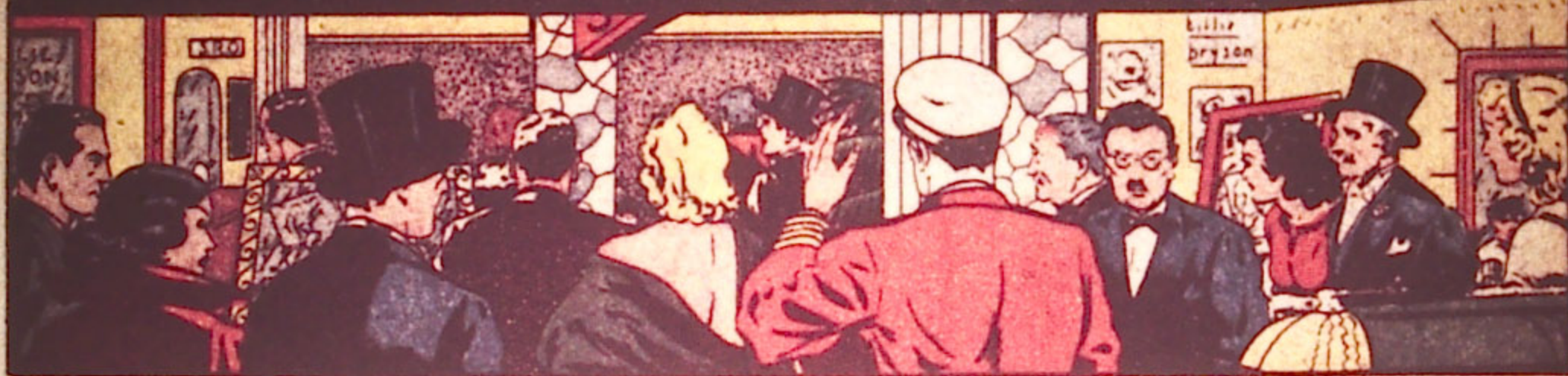
YEP, THEY'RE IDENTICAL. IT'S JUST POSSIBLE MRS. WARREN USES A THROAT SPRAY BUT I DOUBT IT.



I'M GOING TO DASH DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND HAVE THE FINGERPRINT EXPERT TAKE A LOOK AT THESE TWO SPRAYS. IF I FIND WHAT I EXPECT TO FIND THIS CASE IS AS GOOD AS IN THE BAG.



THE REOPENING OF RENICK'S "FROLICS" THE NEXT NIGHT, DREW A LARGE AUDIENCE. THE COMBINATION OF THE PUBLICITY DUE TO THE DEATHS OF LOLA PRINE AND HOLLY LAWSON WHILE SINGING THE "SONG OF DEATH" AND THE PRESENCE OF BILLIE BRYSON, HEIRESS TO THE BRYSON MILLIONS, IN THE LEADING ROLE, CAUSED THE S. R. O. SIGN TO BE HUNG OUT.



ANN! THE SHINING STAR HERSELF! HOW ARE YOU KID? NERVOUS?

WELL-L-L — NOT EXACTLY, BUT YOU COULD KISS ME FOR GOOD LUCK.



IT WILL BE A DISTINCT PLEASURE.



YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE ME NOW BRUCE. HERE'S MRS. WARREN TO FIT ME WITH MY COSTUME.



O. K. — GOOD LUCK. — GOOD EVENING MRS. WARREN.

GOOD EVENING.



WELL RENICK, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR REOPENING WAS QUITE A SUCCESS. THERE'S A FULL HOUSE OUT FRONT.

BRUCE, DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO MISS BRYSON. ANOTHER DEATH IN THIS SHOW, ESPECIALLY TO ANYONE AS SOCIALLY PROMINENT AS SHE, WOULD RUN ME FOR GOOD.



DON'T WORRY NED. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. CAN I USE YOUR OFFICE PHONE A MINUTE?



HELLO—CITY HOSPITAL?—THIS ^{IS} BRUCE NELSON
CALLING FROM THE LINCOLN THEATRE. LISTEN, HERE'S
WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO. SEND UP



AT 8:45 O'CLOCK THE CURTAIN ROSE BEFORE A
LARGE AND DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE.



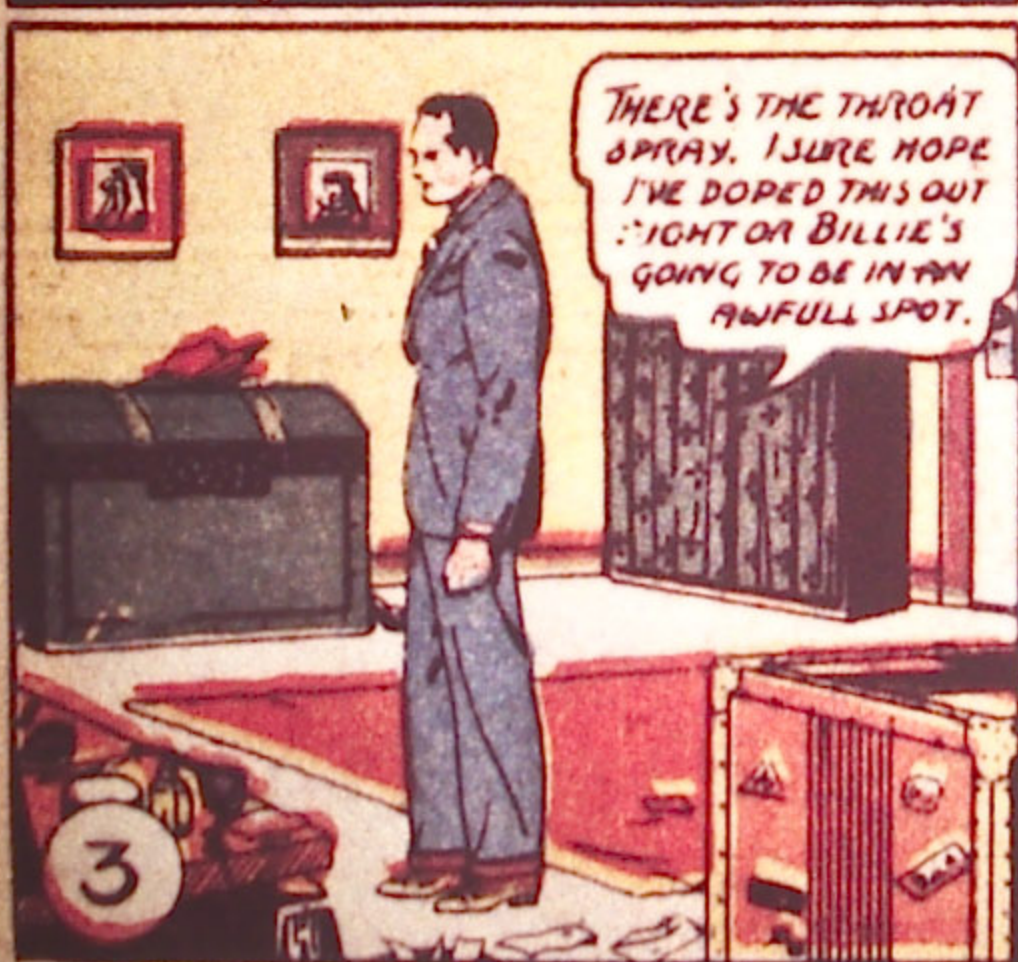
THE GEORGIA THINS ARE CONCLUDING THEIR DANCE.



YOUR ON NEXT MISS BRYSON. — THREE MINUTES!



HERE COMES BILLIE
NOW. AFTER SHE GETS
ON STAGE I'LL MAKE A
DASH TO HER DRESSING
ROOM —



THERE'S THE THROAT
SPRAY. I SURE HOPE
I'VE DOPED THIS OUT
RIGHT OR BILLIE'S
GOING TO BE IN AN
AWFULL SPOT.

BOY! IT IS THE ONE WITH THE SMALL CHIP OUT
OF THE BASE.



THE ORCHESTRA STRUCK UP THE INTRODUCTION TO BILLIE'S SONG "THE NIGHT WAS BLUE," NOW MORE FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "THE SONG OF DEATH."



THE AUDIENCE WAS TENSE AS SHE APPROACHED THE PART WHERE LOLA MAINE AND HOLLY LAWSON HAD BOTH MET DEATH.



BILLIE'S CLEAR VOICE ROSE ON THE PATEFULL LINE, "WITHOUT YOU THE NIGHT WAS BLUE."



PANDEMONIUM BEIGNED. — WOMEN FAINED — MEN SHOUTED.



THE LIGHTS DIMMED AS BILLIE STEPPED FORTH, DRESSING IN EVENING ATTIRE. HER SMOOTH, RICH CONTRALTO GUIDED INTO THE TUNE.



BACKSTAGE AND IN THE WINGS THE SAME TENSION PREVAILED.



THEN SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED. HER HAND WENT TO HER HEAD. SHE REELED DIZZILY, AND THEN COLLAPSED FORWARD.



THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN WITH A RUSH. THE ORCHESTRA KEPT PLAYING AND THE MANAGER CAME OUT ON THE STAGE AND ATTEMPTED TO QUIET THE EXCITED AUDIENCE.



NELSON WAS THE FIRST TO REACH THE STRICKEN GIRL. HE PICKED HER UP IN HIS ARMS.



NELSON! YOU LET ME DOWN! SHE'LL DIE JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. I'M RUINED! THEY'LL RUN ME OUT OF SHOW BUSINESS! THREE GIRLS KILLED IN ONE SHOW!—MY SHOW!



KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON RENICK. THINGS AREN'T AS BAD AS THEY LOOK. JUST KEEP THE CAST AWAY FROM THE DRESSING ROOM.



HERE SHE IS DOC. IS EVERYTHING READY?

EVERYTHING'S READY. WE'LL HAVE HER AS GOOD AS NEW IN A JIFFY.



THUS REASSURED NELSON HURRIED INTO THE LOCKER ROOM. MRS. WARREN WAS THERE PUTTING ON HER COAT. SHE LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE.



JUST A MINUTE MRS. WARREN. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF HOLLY LAWSON AND LOLA MAINE AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BILLIE BRYSON.



HER HAND SLIPPED INTO THE POCKET OF HER COAT.

ME?—I—I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



HER POCKET BULGED AND SPIT FLAME, BUT NELSON WAS A SPLIT SECOND TOO QUICK FOR HER.

OH NO YOU DON'T!



A BIT LATER IN RENICK'S OFFICE.

AND HERE'S THE MURDERER, RENICK. SHE TOOK A SHOT AT ME AND I HAD TO NICK HER ARM. EXCUSE ME A MINUTE. I HAVE A BIT OF A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

MRS. WARREN, THE WARDROBE MISTRESS! — WHY? — HOW?

HERE SHE IS FOLKS, THE CORPSE HERSELF, AS GOOD AS DEAD. DON'T LOOK SO PAINED MRS. WARREN, SHE REALLY ISN'T DEAD. SAY HELLO TO THE FOLKS BILLIE.

HELLO FOLKS.

HERE IS THE SOLUTION IN A NUT SHELL RENICK. IT WAS COMPARATIVELY EASY AFTER I FOUND THE THROAT SPRAY IN MRS. WARREN'S LOCKER AND THEN REMEMBERED THEY HAD FOUND POISON IN THE SYSTEMS OF BOTH LOLA MAINE AND HOLLY LAWSON.

SINGERS GENERALLY USE THAT THROAT SPRAY JUST BEFORE GOING ON. MRS. WARREN PUT POISON IN HER SPRAY MIXED IN WITH THE THROAT WASH AND THEN SWITCHED IT WITH THE ONE ON THE GIRLS DRESSING TABLE. I TOOK A SMALL NICK OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF MRS. WARREN'S SO I COULD TELL WHEN THEY WERE SWITCHED.

WHEN MRS. WARREN CAME IN TO FIT BILLIE'S COSTUME SHE SWITCHED THE SPRAYS. I LOOKED AFTER BILLIE HAD GONE ON STAGE. THE ONE ON HER DRESSING TABLE HAD THE NICK IN IT.

THEN THE "SONG OF DEATH" REALLY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT?

PURE COINCIDENCE. THE SINGERS GENERALLY USED THE SPRAY JUST BEFORE THEY WENT ON. IT TOOK THE POISON JUST SO LONG TO TAKE EFFECT, IT HAPPENED TO TAKE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THAT SONG. NEWS-PAPER EXAGGERATION DID THE REST.

I CALLED THE HOSPITAL AND HAD TWO DOCTORS COME OVER WITH A STOMACH PUMP. THEY WENT TO WORK ON BILLIE IMMEDIATELY AND PUMPED HER OUT BEFORE THE POISON COULD CIRCULATE. A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS WILL SHOW THE POISON PUMPED FROM BILLIE.

IS THE SAME AS IN THE SPRAY. AND THAT JUST ABOUT FINISHES MRS. WARREN.

BRUCE YOU'RE A GENIUS. AND I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU MISS BRYSON. YOU'RE THE MOST COURAGEOUS GIRL I'VE EVER MET.

LATER STILL.

I WASN'T THERE WHEN MRS. WARREN CONFESSED, BRUCE. WHAT DID SHE SAY?

WELL, SALLY WARREN, THE GIRL WHO TRIED OUT FOR THE PART

RENICK WENT TO LOLA MAINE WAS MRS. WARREN'S DAUGHTER. WHEN SHE DIDN'T GET THE PART MRS. WARREN WAS SO DISAPPOINTED SOMETHING SNAPPED IN HER BRAIN. SHE SWORE IF HER DAUGHTER COULDN'T HAVE THE PART NO ONE ELSE WOULD. SO, SHE TRIED TO KILL EVERYONE. THAT TOOK THE PART — THE GAL!

The End. 9

A STICKY CLUE

By

Paul Dean



HE opened the red covered package of chewing-gum and extracting a stick, placed it deftly in his mouth.

Pierre Laverne, though truly continental in every respect of the word, possessed at least one typically American trait. He fervently and passionately loved that sweet-tasting substance the Yankees bought by the thousands and munched on for hours. They called it chewing-gum, and somehow it always reminded him of cows grazing in the fields of his native France.

There were times when Pierre confessed that he thought he loved chewing-gum more than the collecting of precious gems and jewelry, though, of course, the police of both France and America would vehemently deny this statement. For to them Pierre Laverne was the slickest and cleverest of those men and women who made a livelihood of stealing emeralds, diamonds, pearls and other val-

uable articles that legally and rightly belonged to other people. Time and again he had made off with some rare and precious gem, often from beneath the very noses of the police themselves. And for this and many other reasons, the guardians of the law were most anxious to apprehend the elusive Pierre and place him in a closely watched cell where they could be assured that the glittering jewels of the wealthy would be safe from his itching fingers.

"Have you purchased the boat tickets?" Pierre asked of his friend Henri Mourette, who sat opposite him in the living room of their small apartment.

"To be sure!" replied the thin-faced Henri. "This very afternoon I paid a visit to the steamship offices and made arrangements for our passages. The boat sails tomorrow at 11 o'clock in the morning."

"Excellent!" laughed Pierre, rolling the gum from one side of his mouth to the other. "That leaves me sufficient time to pay a call on the exclusive firm of Herbert Carter and Company, the famous Fifth Avenue jewelry establishment."

Henri lifted his left eyebrow quizzically. "And what tasty morsel has Herbert Carter and Company that you desire to possess?"

"A perfectly matched string of pink pearls," Pierre answered. "They belong to some wealthy dowager from San Francisco who sent them on to the Carter Company to have them polished and re-strung. They're worth at least \$75,000 in American money and with such a sum in our already well-filled purses, our voyage back to France should be even more enjoyable. Don't you agree with me, Henri?"

"A sum of \$75,000 is not to be overlooked," said Henri. "But I thought you had retired from this precarious business; that you had promised yourself that the last job

was to be the final one?"

Pierre smiled and placed his arm affectionately on his friend's shoulder. "Just this one more and then we are through with this sordid life forever. During the past ten years we have made more money than we can spend during the remainder of our lives and the acquisition of this magnificent string of pearls will be the perfect climax to our very profitable careers!"

The clock on the mantel struck 12 midnight. Pierre rose and walking to the closet, put on his dark overcoat and black fedora. He patted the pocket of the coat, satisfied that within were the gloves he always wore when traveling on these dangerous missions.



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"An revoir," he called to Henri. "I shall return within the hour with the string of pink pearls!"

A CAB took him over to Fifth Avenue and he alighted three blocks away from Herbert Carter and Company. He walked up the avenue to the store and halted on the other side of the street to light a cigarette. Keen eyes took in the entire scene and assured that the road was clear for his work, he crossed back to the shop and marched to the rear which was easily accessible from the side street that ran East from Fifth Avenue.

Familiar with all the traps and devices prepared for those who might attempt to enter the establishment, Pierre was within the building some minutes later. Obviously he had studied the layout of the floor, for he had no difficulty in locating the large safe in the back of the showroom. He carefully disconnected the wires leading to the police alarms and then set to work on the steel safe it-

With his ear pressed against the door, his slender fingers whirled the knob back and forth. The jaws of his mouth moved constantly as he chewed on the wad of gum he had opened just before he entered the building.



The minutes dragged by and Pierre cursed softly at his own tardiness. Suddenly he stopped and remained motionless. . . . he heard a sound! A soft, peculiar noise that came from nowhere in particular. It stopped and Pierre once again resumed his efforts at the safe. Then the sound began as it had before and Pierre, hearing it, crouched against the side of the safe. Beads of perspiration burst out on his forehead and he shivered slightly.

He listened intently and then cursed himself loudly and profusely. The noise that had frightened him came from his own jaws munching on the chewing-gum!

He raised his hand to his mouth and took the gum out. Then he returned to his task and ten minutes later the ponderous door of the safe swung open. Within the depths of the steel coffin lay the \$75,000 string of pearls. Pierre lifted it gently from the velvet case and slipped it into the pocket of his coat. He closed the safe doors, attached the police alarms and left the building as he had entered.

Pierre and Henri sat in their cabin the following morning, drinking a toast to their well-being. In ten minutes the vessel would sail and for them it would mean the beginning of a long life of leisure and comfort.

There came a knock and suddenly the door swung open. Three stern-visaged gentlemen sauntered in and one of them threw back the lapel of his coat revealing the badge of a New York City police official.

"Pierre Laverne, you're under arrest for stealing a valuable pearl necklace from Herbert Carter and Company!"

The man walked over and snapped handcuffs on the wrists of both Pierre and Henri. The two jewel thieves looked white and frightened. Thoughts raced madly through Pierre's mind: where had he slipped up, what mistake had he made? This crushing blow of being caught wounded his pride and left him stunned.

"Tell me, m'sieur," he asked the police official as they left the boat, "how did you find out? How did you know that it was I who stole the pearls?"

"By this. You must have stuck it on the side of the safe when you were trying to open it." The detective held a piece of paper in the center of which was a wad of chewing-gum!

THE END

BOB SHOWED THEM HOW SPIES WORK!



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and SHUSTER

WITHIN U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS ...

AN AGENT NAMED MORGAN WENT TO THE BARTILIAN EMBASSY TO SECURE INFORMATION. HE NEVER RETURNED -- BUT THEY CLAIM HE NEVER ARRIVED. I BELIEVE THEY'RE LYING.

I PRESUME YOU WANT US TO CHECK UP ON THEIR STORY.

YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED OUT A BETTER PAIR OF INVESTIGATORS FOR THE JOB.



HOW ARE WE GOING TO HANDLE THIS CASE?

VERY SIMPLE. I'LL KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE EMBASSY AND THEY'LL LET ME IN.

PRIVATE



AND THEN?

I DON'T KNOW YET, BUT I'LL MANAGE SOME HOW TO GET A LOOK AROUND.



AND, MEANWHILE, WHAT WILL I BE DOING?

YOU? OH, STAYING OUT OF DANGER LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!



WELL, I LIKE THAT! ME, THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT, TOLD TO COOL MY HEELS WHILE YOU PULL THE GRAND-stand PLAYS!



LIKE IT OR NOT, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE TA-TA! BE SEEIN' YA!

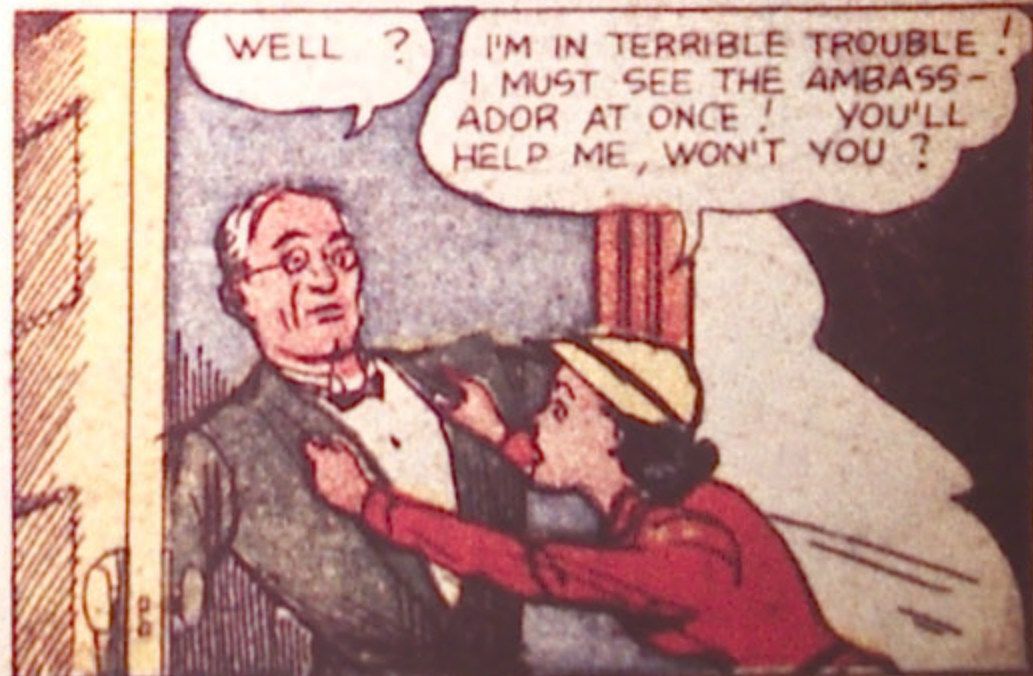
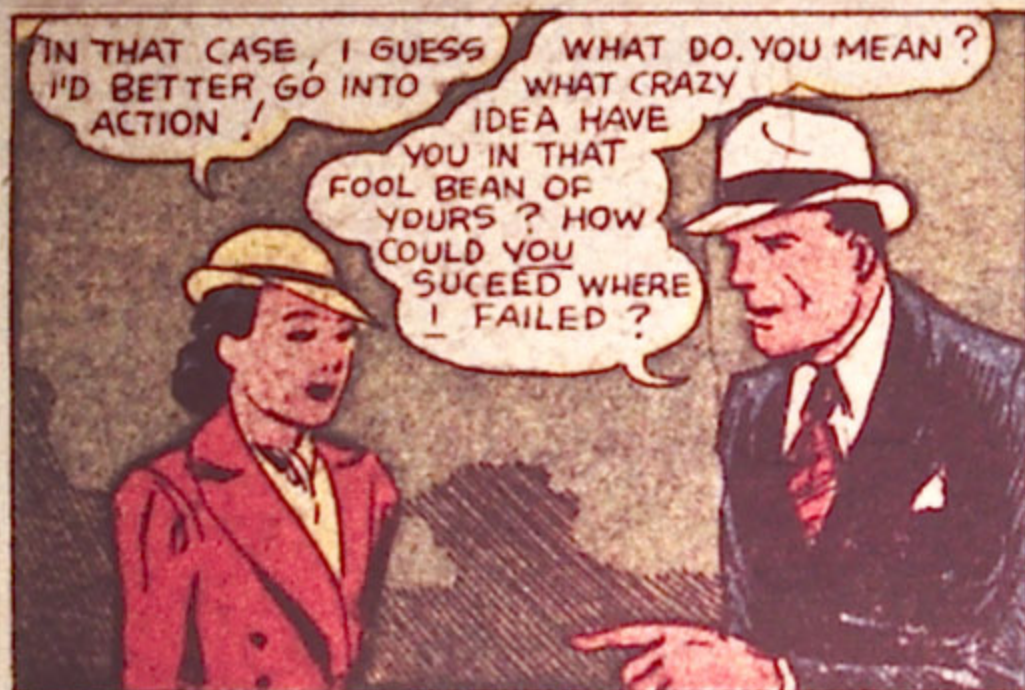
YOU CONCEITED!



BART KNOCKS ON THE EMBASSY'S DOOR

NOW TO SAIL IN, LIKE A BREEZE!



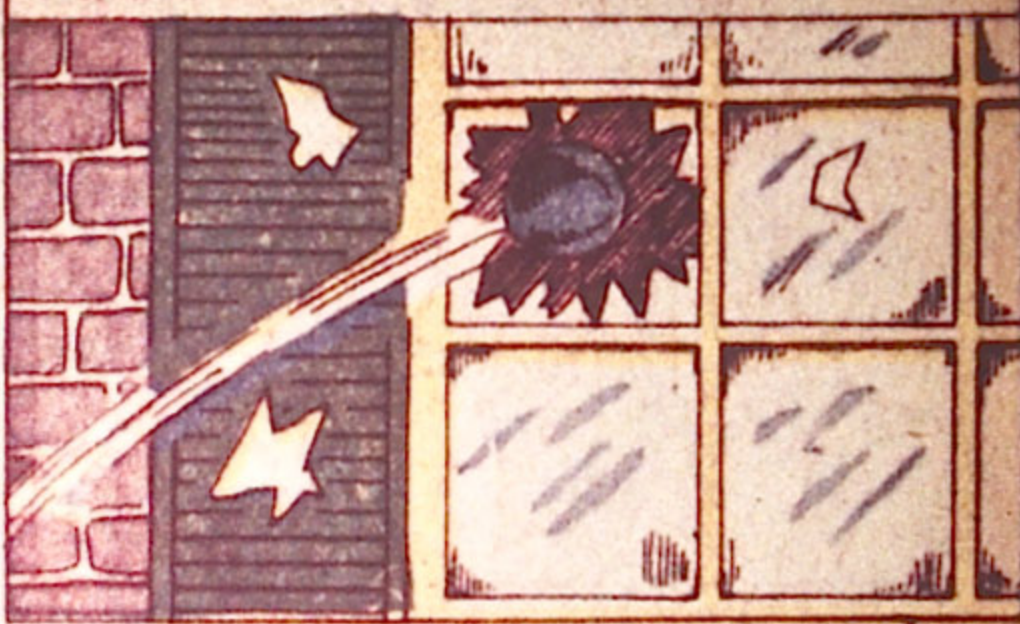




BART HEAVES THE BOMB



IT CRASHES THRU ONE OF THE EMBASSY'S WINDOWS



NEXT INSTANT, A DELUGE OF SMOKE POURS THRU THE SHATTERED GLASS



MINUTES LATER, FIRE TRUCKS CLANG ONTO THE SCENE



SEIZING SPARE HELMETS AND RAINCOATS FROM A FIRE-WAGON, SALLY AND BART PROCEED TO CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN

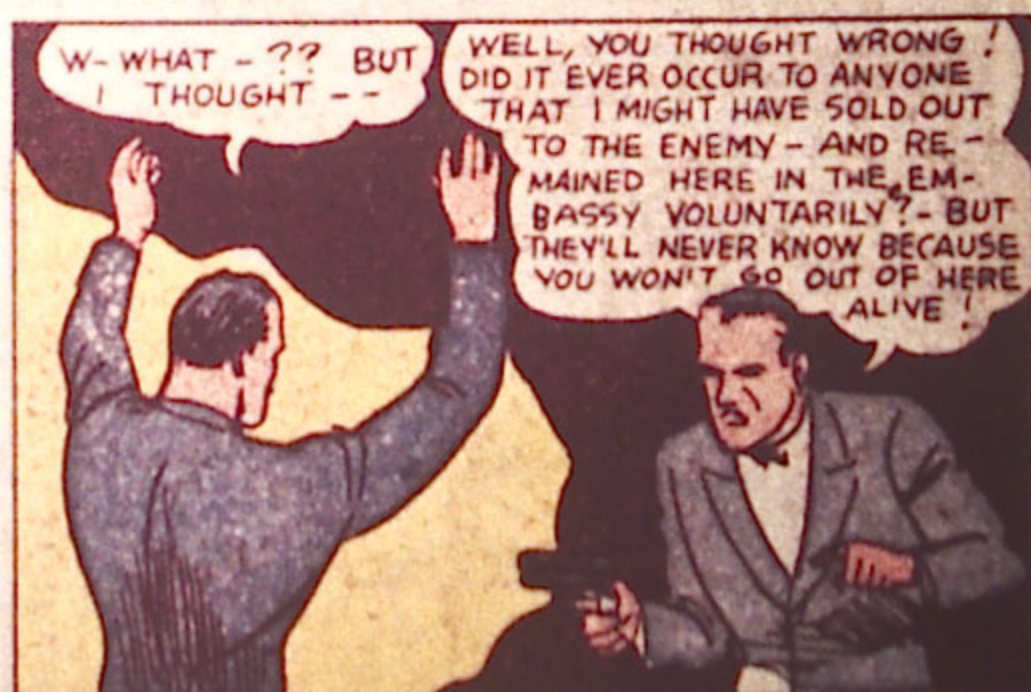
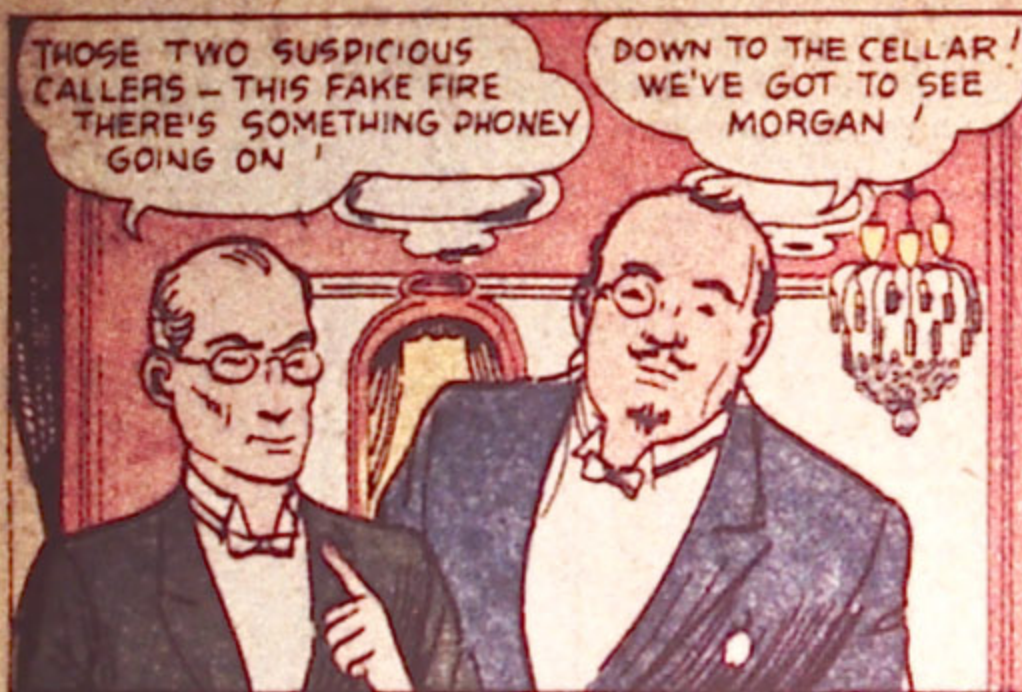


SALLY AND BART CROWD INTO THE EMBASSY ALONG WITH THE OTHER FIREMEN



THEY CONCEAL THEMSELVES WITHIN THE EMBASSY - LATER





SECRET SERVICE

THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE G-MEN OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, THOUGH THE TWO AGENCIES OFTEN CO-OPERATE

By
FRED WELLS



ONE OF THE CHIEF DUTIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE MEN IS THE GUARDING OF THE PRESIDENT



THE SECRET SERVICE WAGES A RELENTLESS AND TIRELESS WAR AGAINST THE TRAFFIC IN DOPE



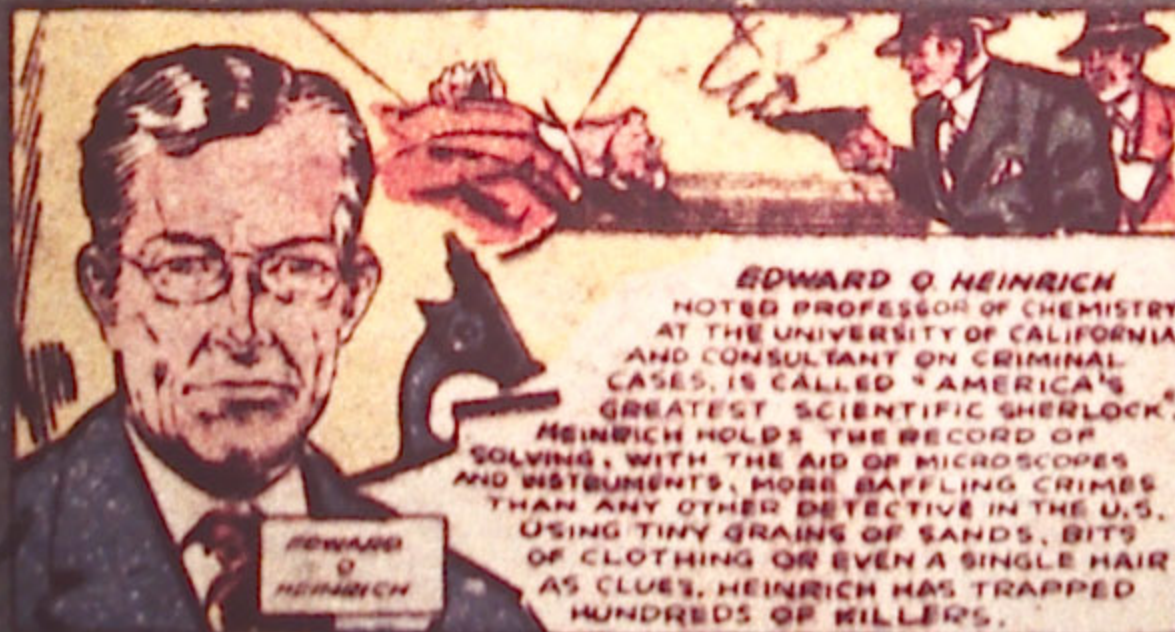
COUNTERFEITERS, BOGUS-MONEY MAKERS, ALSO FIND IT DIFFICULT TO ELUDE THE SECRET AGENTS



ANOTHER JOB OF THE SECRET SERVICE IS TO COPE WITH THE SMUGGLING OF ALIENS INTO THE UNITED STATES



THERE ARE NO FEMALE OPERATORS IN EITHER THE SECRET SERVICE OR THE F.B.I. BUT SOMETIMES EMPLOYEES IN THEIR OFFICES VOLUNTEER WHEN AN OPERATOR NEEDS A COMPANION ON A CASE



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NOTED PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AND CONSULTANT ON CRIMINAL CASES, IS CALLED "AMERICA'S GREATEST SCIENTIFIC SHERLOCK". HEINRICH HOLDS THE RECORD OF SOLVING, WITH THE AID OF MICROSCOPES AND INSTRUMENTS, MORE BAFLEING CRIMES THAN ANY OTHER DETECTIVE IN THE U.S. USING TINY GRAINS OF SANDS, BITS OF CLOTHING OR EVEN A SINGLE HAIR AS CLUES, HEINRICH HAS TRAPPED HUNDREDS OF KILLERS.

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The adventurous story
of that sinister character
of the Orient . . .

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author

SAX ROHMER

SYNOPSIS: Doctor Petrie, in an effort to solve the mysterious deaths of Sir Crichton Davey and Detective Cadby, follows the beautiful accomplice of Doctor Fu Manchu to Cadby's rooming house. Petrie confronts the girl and she admits that her purpose in coming to the boarding house was to steal the incriminating book Cadby had written about the insidious Fu Manchu. Finding the volume too cumbersome to carry, she tore out the pages and burned them in the fireplace. Petrie goes to the fireplace to verify this statement and the girl seizes this opportunity to make good her escape. . . .

Stooping over the fireplace I gave a cry of triumph. So hurriedly had the girl done her work that some charred fragments were still left of Detective Cadby's evidence against Fu Manchu. Evidently she had burned the torn-out pages all together. They lay flat, and the middle portion did not burn. What would this find reveal?



Nayland Smith and I were in Inspector Weymouth's room at Scotland Yard whither I had hurried from Detective Cadby's room.

"Shen-Yan's is a dope shop off Ratcliff Road," said the Inspector. "'Singapore Charlie's,' they call it. It's a center for Chinese societies. But . . ."

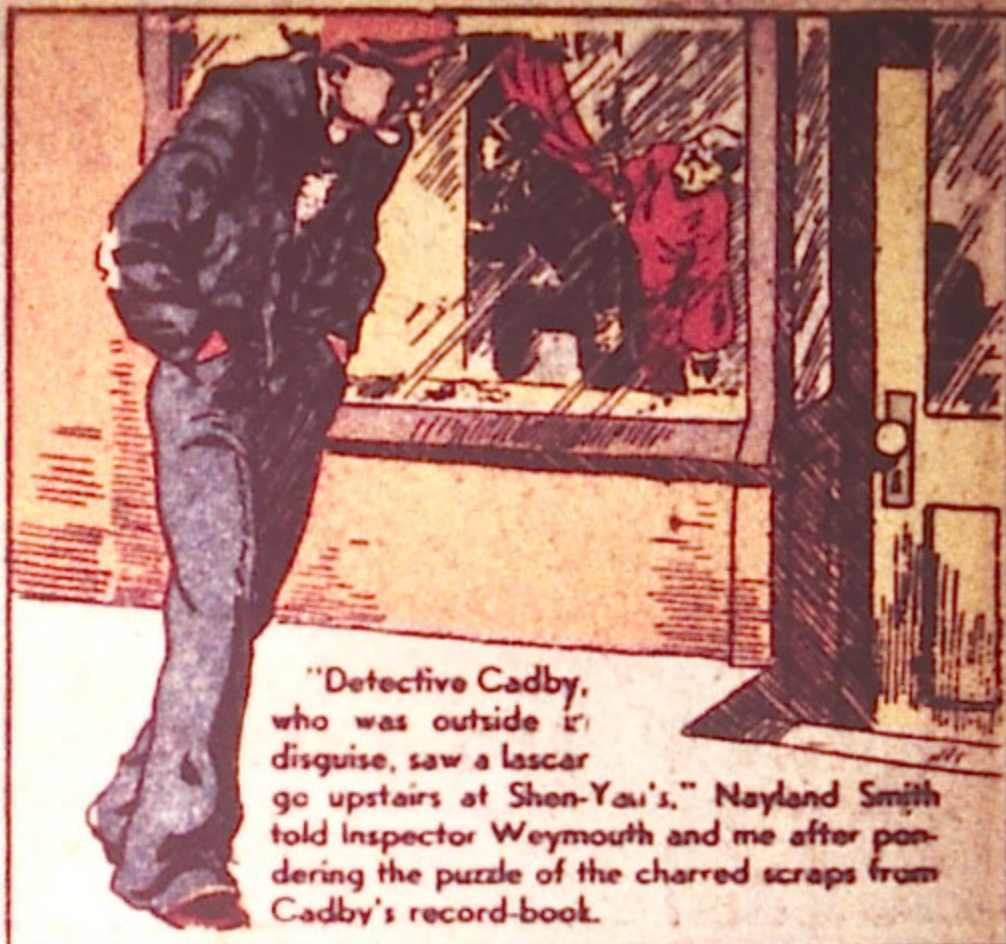


All three of us bent again over a large sheet of foolscap upon which were arranged some of the charred fragments I had salvaged from Detective Cadby's grate. They comprised a baffling puzzle over which we had been mulling for minutes.

"Well, let's see what we make of this," said Smith.



Weymouth picked up one of the fragments between a stubby thumb and finger.
"The pigtail again!" he exclaimed.



"Detective Cadby, who was outside in disguise, saw a lascar go upstairs at Shen-Yan's," Nayland Smith told Inspector Weymouth and me after pondering the puzzle of the charred scraps from Cadby's record-book.

"Cadby heard a booming sound," Smith continued. "Undoubtedly that had something to do with the fact that the 'lascar' didn't come down again. For I am sure the 'lascar' was the decoit who tried to kill Petrie and me with the Zayat Kiss—and whose body was dragged from the river ..."



"This was found on Detective Cadby's body, so his reference to a pigtail is highly interesting—also mysterious ... " Nayland Smith wrinkled his brow in deep thought ... Suddenly he squared his shoulders as one reaching a decision ...



"You must lend me a disguise," Smith announced grimly to the astonished Inspector Weymouth. "I visit Shen Yan's opium den tonight!"

"Shen Yan's! That's dangerous business!" Inspector Weymouth protested at Nayland Smith's announcement that he would go to the opium den where we suspected Fu Manchu lurked. "How about an official visit by the police?"





"Fu Manchu is the incarnate essence of Chinese craftiness. Such a visit would be useless!" Smith snapped. "No! We must match guile with guile."

"Well, if you're determined sir," the Inspector agreed. "Foster will fix you up."



Foster came with a seaman's rig, and I watched the transformation of Smith into a sinister waterfront character. Recollection of how I had let the slave girl trick me made my heart heavy.

"You are forgetting me, Smith," I reproached him. "Petrie, it is my business, unfortunately, but no sort of hobby for you." "You mean that you can no longer rely upon me because of that girl!"



Nayland Smith met my frigid stare with a look of concern.

"My dear old Petrie," he answered. "That was really unkind. I was thinking of the danger to you."

"I shall be going, too, Inspector," I called to Weymouth, for I was immediately ashamed of my outburst. "I can pretend to smoke opium as well as you," I told Smith.



In a little while two seafaring ruffians were ready to set forth.

"Observe my fine mustache, Petrie," Smith said with a grin as we went out to the cab. I could have laughed aloud, there was something so ridiculous in this theatrical business. Then I remembered Fu Manchu!



Fu Manchu awaited us at our journey's end! With all the powers of Nayland Smith pitted against him, Fu Manchu pursued his devilish schemes triumphantly, and hid within this very area we approached. Fu Manchu, whose name stood for horrors indefinable! Was I destined to meet the terrible Chinese doctor—tonight?



Four shabby fellows saluted when we entered the Wapping River Police Station. We were to go to Shen Yan's in the police launch, which would await an alarm from us. "But don't wait too long," Waymouth warned Smith, when plans were completed, "or you may appear next in the river with half your fingers missing."



Shortly we were ready to go. According to instructions, one of the shabby detectives already lay in a feigned drunken sleep near Shen Yan's dope shop, while his comrade argued with him to get up. "Don't move till you hear the whistle inside," the Inspector had told them.



The other two sleuths, acting on their orders, had broken from the back into an empty shop opposite Shen Yan's. "Be inside Shen Yan's like lightning when you hear the signal," were Waymouth's parting words to them.



"The launch is ready, sir," announced Inspector Ryman from the doorway, and we trooped out to the little craft. The chill of the water penetrated my thin garments. . . . I thought of Fu Manchu . . . the Severed Fingers as we headed into the shadows . . .

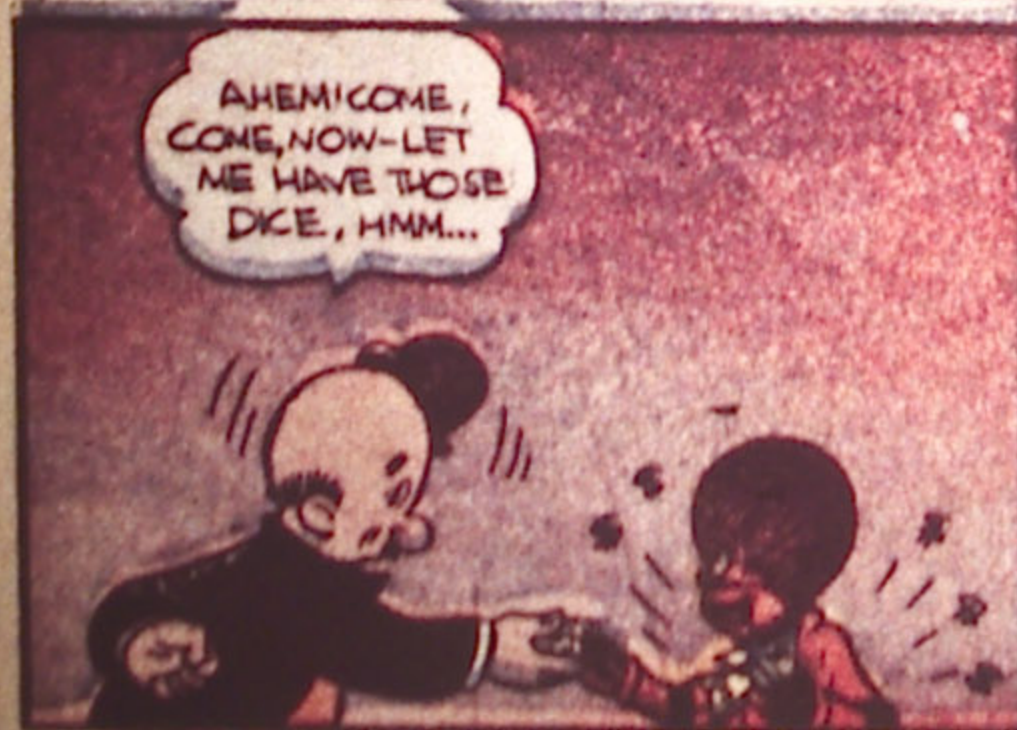
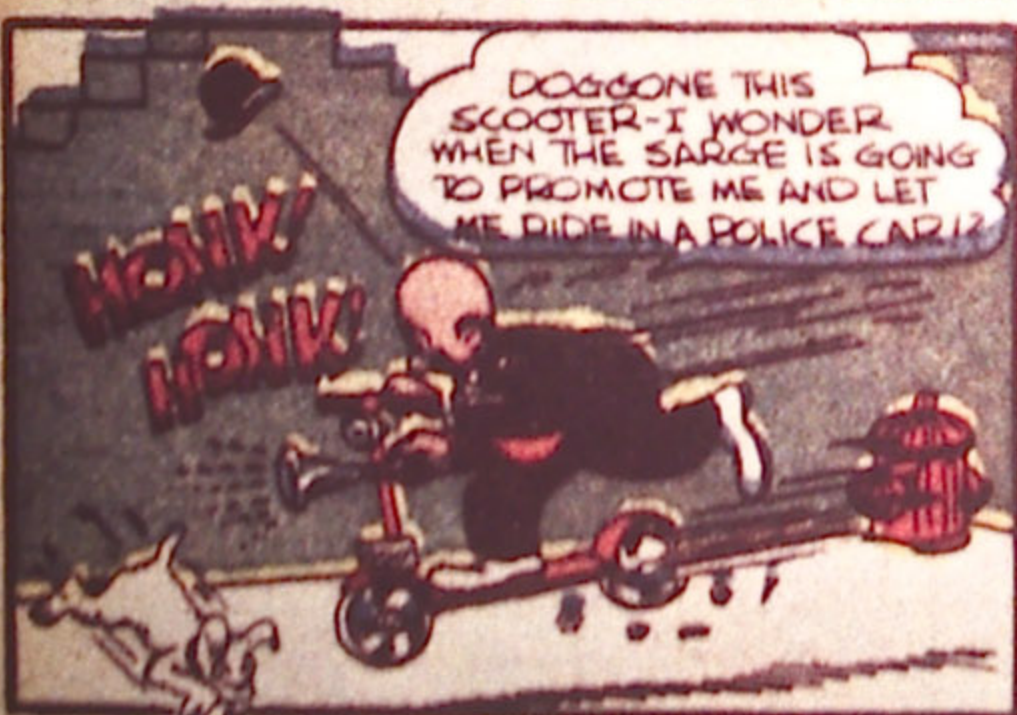
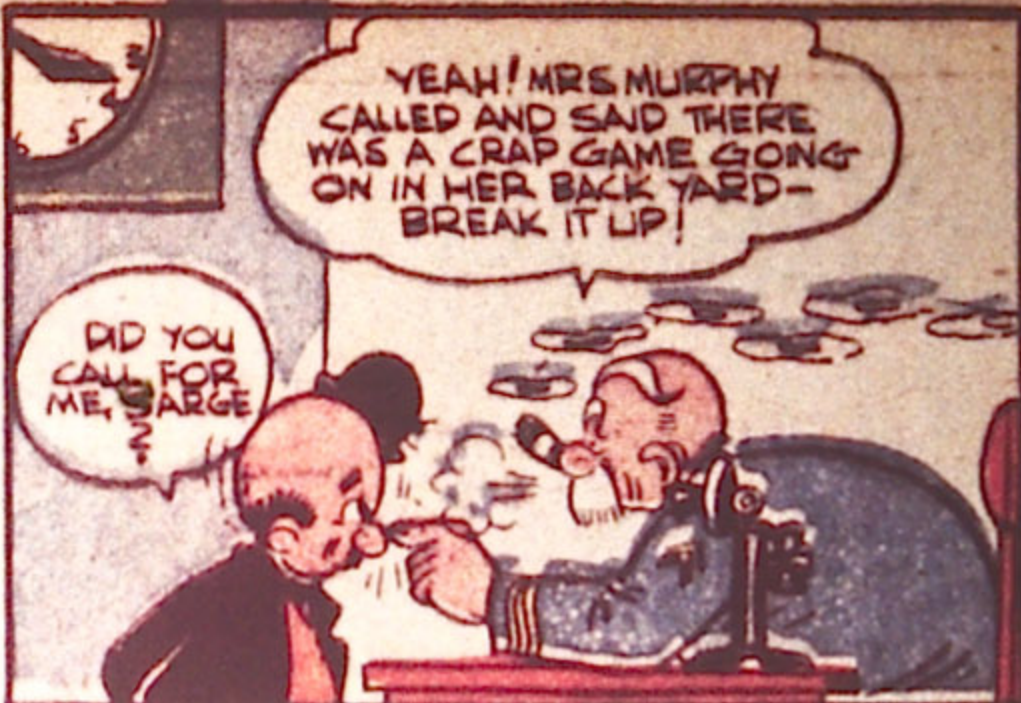


Aboard the police launch on the way to Shen Yan's, Nayland Smith told Inspector Ryman, in command: "I'm not sure Fu Manchu is there tonight, but the opium den appears to be one of his haunts, and time means precious lives where this Chinese devil is concerned."

OSCAR

THE GUMSHOE

BY BOB KANE



Stamp Collectors' Corner

IN VINO PHILATELUS

Wine and its associates have been credited with many virtues (as well, of course, as faults), chief among them being conviviality and promotion of truth. Now "the cup that cheers" is responsible for a postage stamp, coming, appropriately enough, from the country so long associated with the gayer aspects of liquid refreshment—France.

The wine industry has been responsible for many adhesives picturing grapes, or vineyards, but the latest stamp in this category gives full credit to the wine itself rather than the basic vegetation. As a matter of fact, it is the queen of alcoholic beverages that receives this signal honor, and to champagne France dedicates her newest postage paper. When the idea of this stamp originated some months ago, preliminary reports had it that the design would be a champagne bottle, but that arrangement has been altered and now the stamp presents a peasant girl from the province of Champagne in festive native dress. In her hand is a tall, slender goblet, not at all like the flat-topped, hollow-stepped glass which we associate with champagne. The stamp has a value of 1.75 franc and is printed in bright blue.

Champagne was one of the ancient provinces of France, and wine made from its grapes was given the name of its habitat. The section where these wine grapes are now grown is a comparatively small triangle covering hillsides in the vicinity of Reims. Each vineyard of the territory possesses marked individual characteristics and the champagne shipper must blend wines from the different vineyards to achieve the most notable results. For that reason, champagne is not sold under the name of a special vineyard, or locality as most other wines are, but bears the name of the shipper who is responsible for the blend.

We hope, for the sake of the French treasury, that the new stamp will enjoy the same popularity that is accorded the wine it honors.

MONACO'S NEW SET

The principality of Monaco has issued a new stamp set of five values. The country's coat of arms appears on the 1 centime brown-lilac. The other values bear a portrait of Prince Louis and are: 55c., brown; 65c., violet; 1fr., red, and 1fr. 75, ultra-marine.

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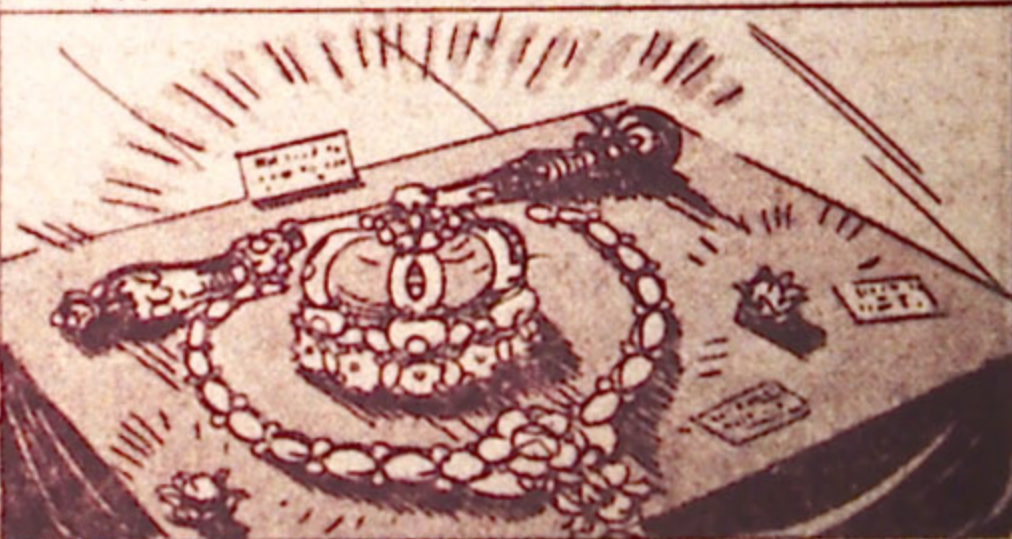
COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

A GREAT CROWD IS MILLING ABOUT ONE OF THE SHOW WINDOWS OF THE FAMOUS HOUSE OF CARRIÈRE, INTERNATIONAL JEWELERS.



WITH SPECIAL POLICE ON GUARD THE PRICELESS RAJPUTAN CORONATION JEWELS OF MATCHLESS STONES ARE ON DISPLAY.



THE MANAGEMENT HAS TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION AGAINST POSSIBLE THEFT.

MISTER CARRIÈRE, WE HAVE THE PICTURES OF PRACTICALLY ALL THE WORLD NOTORIOUS GEM THIEFS AND EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW IS GUARDED

I DON'T BELIEVE WE NEED WORRY



QUITE GOOD, STANTON, WE MUST BE CAREFUL, THESE GEMS ARE WORTH A KINGDOM.

A PHONE CALL FOR YOU SIR!



CARRIÈRE? THIS IS INSPECTOR REILLY OF THE FEDERAL DEPARTMENT.

WE'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT BONELLI, THE INTERNATIONAL THIEF IS ABOUT TO PAY YOU A VISIT. SAY NOTHING TILL I COME OVER



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE INSPECTOR AND A COUPLE OFFICERS ARRIVE.

MISTER CARRIÈRE, I'M INSPECTOR REILLY

OH, YES, COME INTO MY OFFICE



YOU MUST REALIZE, SIR, THESE JEWELS WILL DRAW ALL THE WORLD'S GEMTHIEVES LIKE FLIES AROUND HONEY. BUT BONELLI IS THE CRAFTIEST FLY OF ALL. I WANT YOUR HELP IN CAPTURING HIM

OF COURSE I WILL. WITH RELISH

HE'S BEING WATCHED. I'M TOLD HE HAS A WOMAN ACCOMPLICE. HE GENERALLY POSES AS SOME EUROPEAN CROESUS. I AND MY MEN WILL HIDE IN YOUR STORE AND NAB HIM RED-HANDED

I SHALL FEEL MUCH RELIEVED WITH YOU HERE, INSPECTOR

A LITTLE LATER THE SUSPECTED COUPLE ENTER THE STORE.

YOU WEEEL TELL, MONSIEUR CARRIERE COUNT DE VERNIER WEEESH TO SEE HEEM-YES?

OH, CERTAINLY COUNT, THIS WAY, PLEASE.

AH, M'SIEU CARRIERE, I AM SO MUCH PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I MUST HAVE ZEE MAGNIFICENT RHAJPUTAN JEWELS FOR MADAM AT ANY PRICE.

I AM HONORED, YOUR HIGHNESS.

THEY ARE BEAUTIFUL, ARE THEY NOT?

AH, EXQUISITE! BUT WHAT YOU SAY? IT BUT PAINT ZEE LILY. MON CHERIE, YOU ARE STILL MORE BEAUTIFUL

SUDDENLY THE BOGUS COUNT DROPS HIS POSE.

NOW THEN, KEEP SHUT AND GET INSIDE THAT VAULT!

OH-H-H-

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BONELLI. YOU'LL BE ARRESTED AT THE DOOR.

OH NO YOU DON'T COUNT. THIS TIME WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU. DROP THAT GUN OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

MISTER CARRIERE, COME WITH US TO HEADQUARTERS AS WITNESS. LET THE WOMAN WEAR THE JEWELS FOR FIRST HAND EVIDENCE.

WHY--YOU--YOU--

CERTAINLY, INSPECTOR. THE FOOL MIGHT HAVE KNOWN HE COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS SORT OF THING

CARRIÈRE, THE OFFICERS AND PRISONERS ELBOW THEIR WAY TO THE WAITING CAR.



B-B-BUT-INSPECTOR REILLY-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US? WE'RE GOING OUT OF THE CITY



TUT, TUT, MY FRIEND-BONELLI IS THE NAME. I WARNED YOU HE WAS A CLEVER CUSTOMER. PLEASE BEAR WITH OUR COMPANY A LITTLE WHILE MORE.

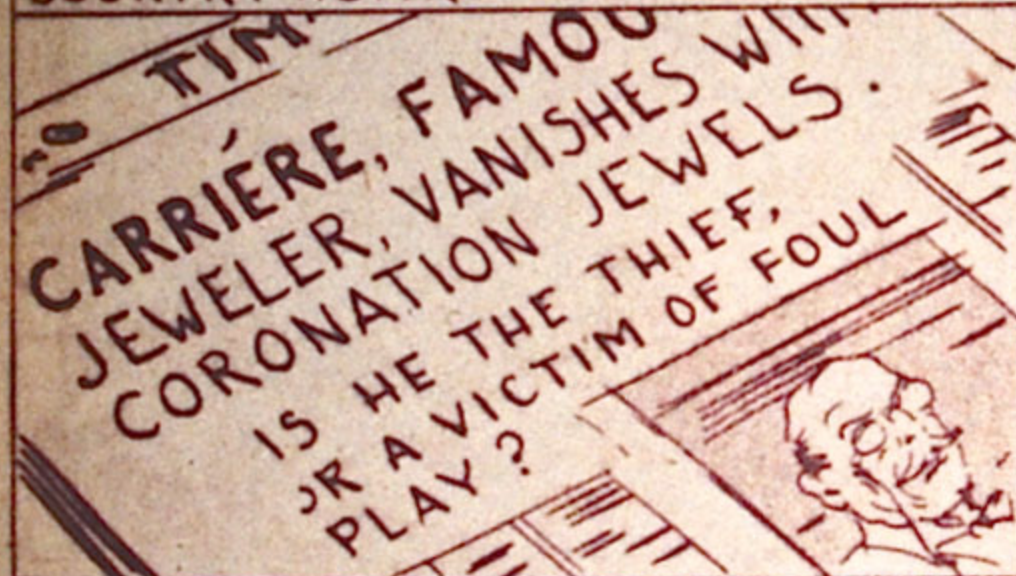
THE CAR TURNS UP A LONELY ROAD AND APPROACHES AN OLD, ABANDONED MANSION.



ALL RIGHT, TRUSS HIM UP AND TOSS HIM DOWN THE CELLAR. - IN A FEW DAYS WE'LL GIVE THE INFORMATION TO SET YOU FREE. BY THAT TIME WE'LL BE OUT OF THE COUNTRY--



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF CARRIÈRE AND THE GEMS SETS THE WHOLE COUNTRY ASTIR.



THE JEWEL GANG, HAVING MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY, PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVE.

- AND WE'LL CHARTER A PRIVATE PLANE TO TAKE US OVER THE BORDER. I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN KEEP HIS TRAP SHUT - -



ABOUT TO START AWAY, THEIR CAR STALLS.

HM, THAT'S FUNNY! I'M SURE I HAD ABOUT A HALF TANK OF GAS LEFT

WELL WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY-- DO SOMETHING BESIDES STANDING THERE!



ONE OF THE MEN STARTS DOWN THE ROAD IN HOPE OF MEETING SOMEONE TO OFFER AID.

AH! THAT LOOKS LIKE A FARMER COMING-- I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS ROAD POUNDING



HI, THERE, FRIEND,
WHERE'S THE NEAREST
GAS STATION?

OH, ABOUT
FOUR MILES
BACK

ALL RIGHT, PARD,
FIVE BUCKS IF YOU'LL
BRING ME BACK TEN
GALLONS OF GAS.
WAIT- I'LL GO ALONG

IT'S A GO,
MISTER

AT THE GAS STATION.---

JUST A SECOND WHILE I CALL MY
WIFE AND TELL HER I'LL
BE LATE FOR CHORES

OKEH, OLD
TIMER, BUT
HURRY

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING AT THE
OLD HOUSE -
BUYING IT?

WHY--ER--YES
MY BOSS IS FIG-
URING ON RENTING
IT FOR THE SEASON.
I DRIVE
FOR HIM,
SEE?

I'LL GIVE YOU
A HAND WITH
CARRYING THE
CAN OVER

OKEH

SAY, WHAT IS THIS
ANYHOW?
THE DARNED
THING WON'T
START

MAYBE I CAN
GET IT A GOIN'

AS THE FARMER STOOPS OVER THE EN-
GINE THE HOOD ACCIDENTALLY BLOWS
DOWN, RIPPING OFF HIS BEARD.

HU - WHAT'S
THIS?

WHY! - I'LL BE-
LOOK! - IT'S COSMO,
THE DETECTIVE!
I'VE SEEN
HIM BEFORE!



CAUTIOUSLY THEY PEEK OVER THE SILL. A CRUMPLED BODY LIES IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR.



THERE HE LIES!
WE'VE PLUGGED HIM!

AS THE TWO MEN CRAWL THRU THE WINDOW EACH ONE IS FELLED BY A VICIOUS BLOW FROM OVERHEAD.



COSMO HAS THROWN A DUMMY OF GARMENTS ON THE FLOOR AND JUMPED FOR A NICHE ABOVE THE WINDOW.



LUCKY THESE OLD
CLOTHES WERE
HANGING HERE.

THE OTHER MEN AND THE WOMAN, SENSING SOMETHING AMISS, TURN AND RUN--



- INTO A CORDON OF POLICE.

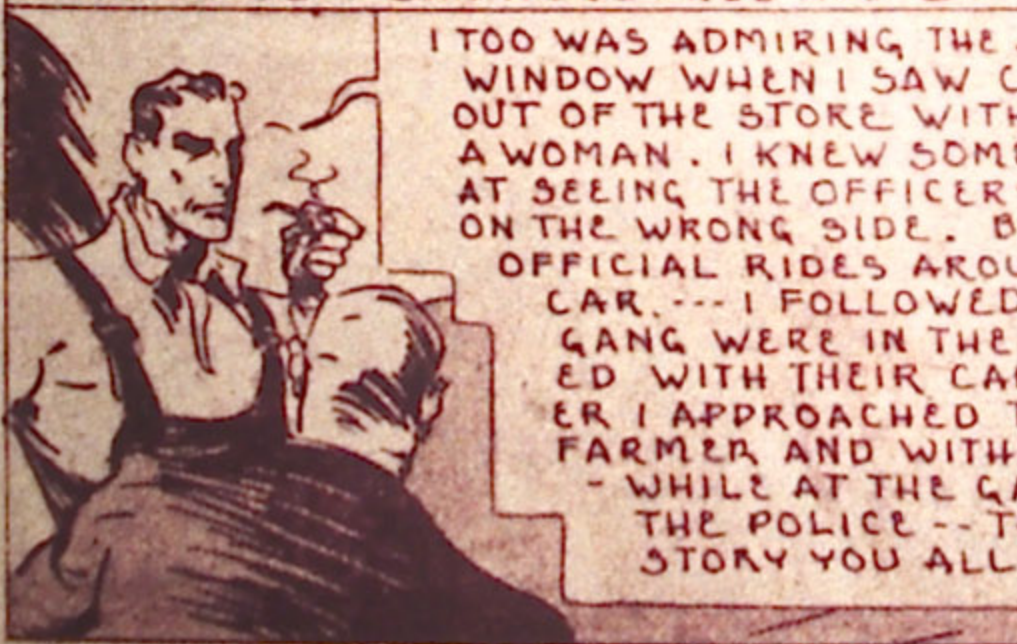


HEY! STAND
WHERE YOU
ARE!
HARRIGAN,
SEARCH
THEM AND
SLIP HAND-
CUFFS ON
THEM!

AH, CAPTAIN BRANTON, YOU CAME JUST IN TIME. YOU FOOLED EVERYONE IN TOWN, BONELLI, AND THEN YOU HAD TO FALL LIKE A PANCAKE FOR A COUNTRY HICK

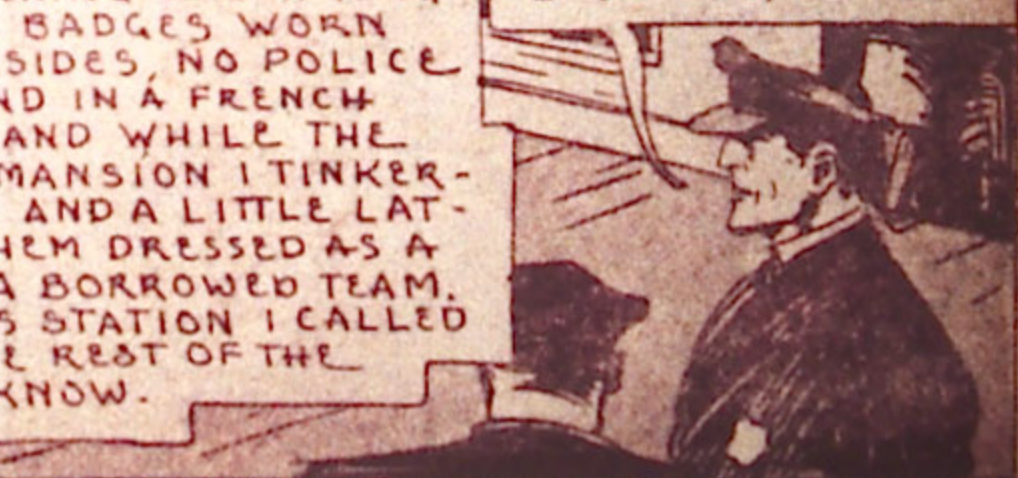


COSMO SETS CARRIÈRE FREE AND EXPLAINS HIS PART IN THE CAPTURE.



I TOO WAS ADMIRING THE JEWELS IN THE WINDOW WHEN I SAW CARRIÈRE COME OUT OF THE STORE WITH FOUR MEN AND A WOMAN. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG AT SEEING THE OFFICERS' BADGES WORN ON THE WRONG SIDE. BESIDES, NO POLICE OFFICIAL RIDES AROUND IN A FRENCH CAR. --- I FOLLOWED AND WHILE THE GANG WERE IN THE MANSION I TINKERED WITH THEIR CAR AND A LITTLE LATER I APPROACHED THEM DRESSED AS A FARMER AND WITH A BORROWED TEAM. - WHILE AT THE GAS STATION I CALLED THE POLICE -- THE REST OF THE STORY YOU ALL KNOW.

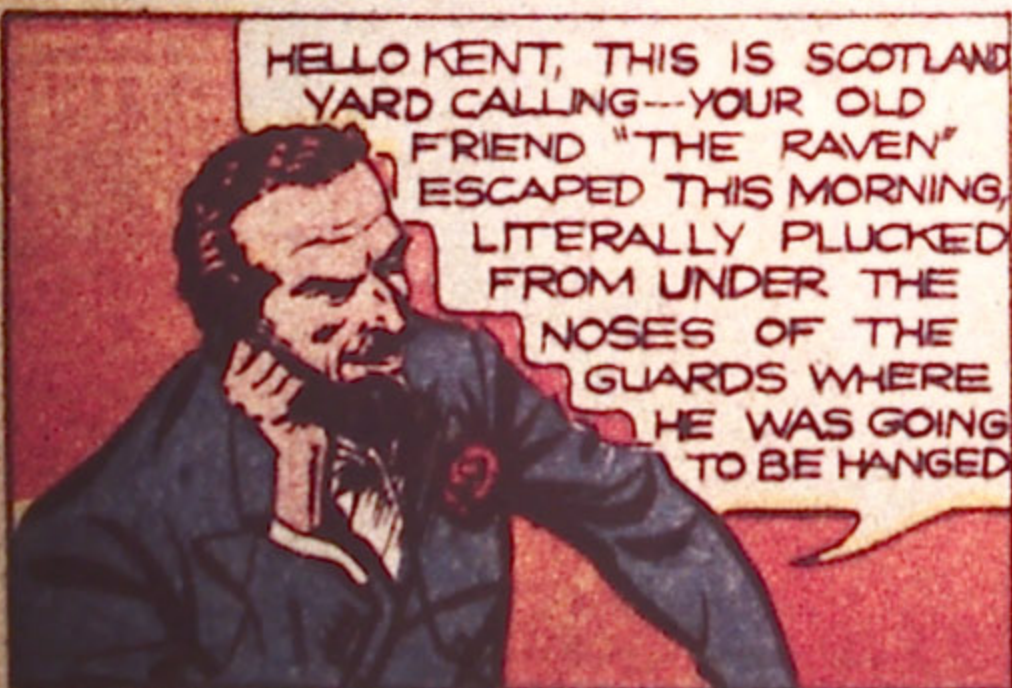
WELL, I BELIEVE THE POLICE COULD USE A FEW HICKS LIKE YOU, COSMO!



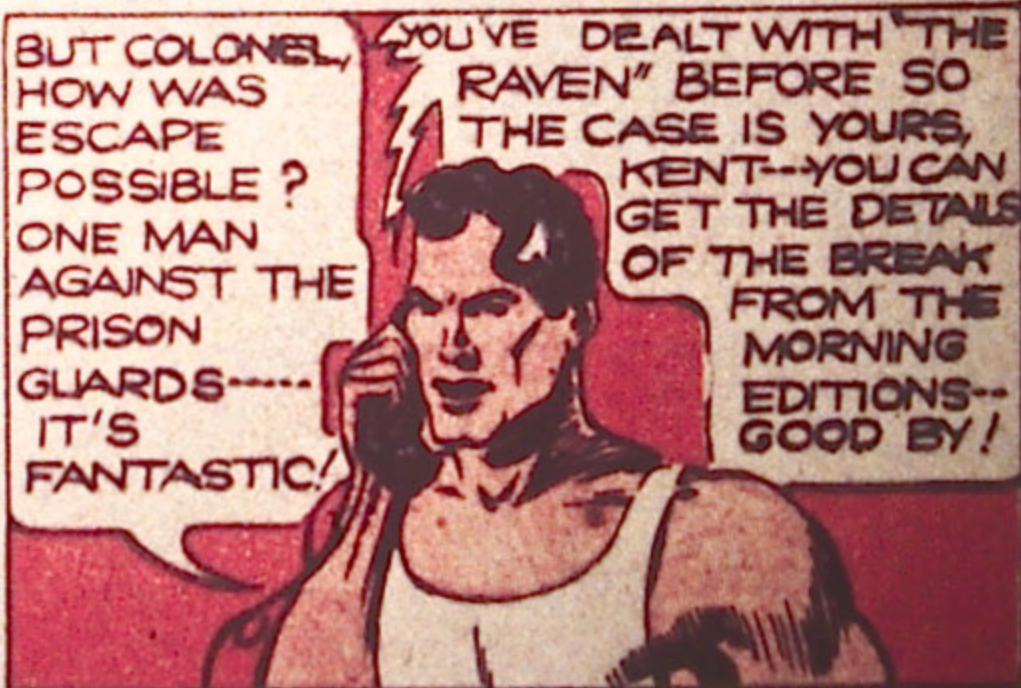
INSPECTOR KENT

of SCOTLAND
YARD

by *George
Neuman*

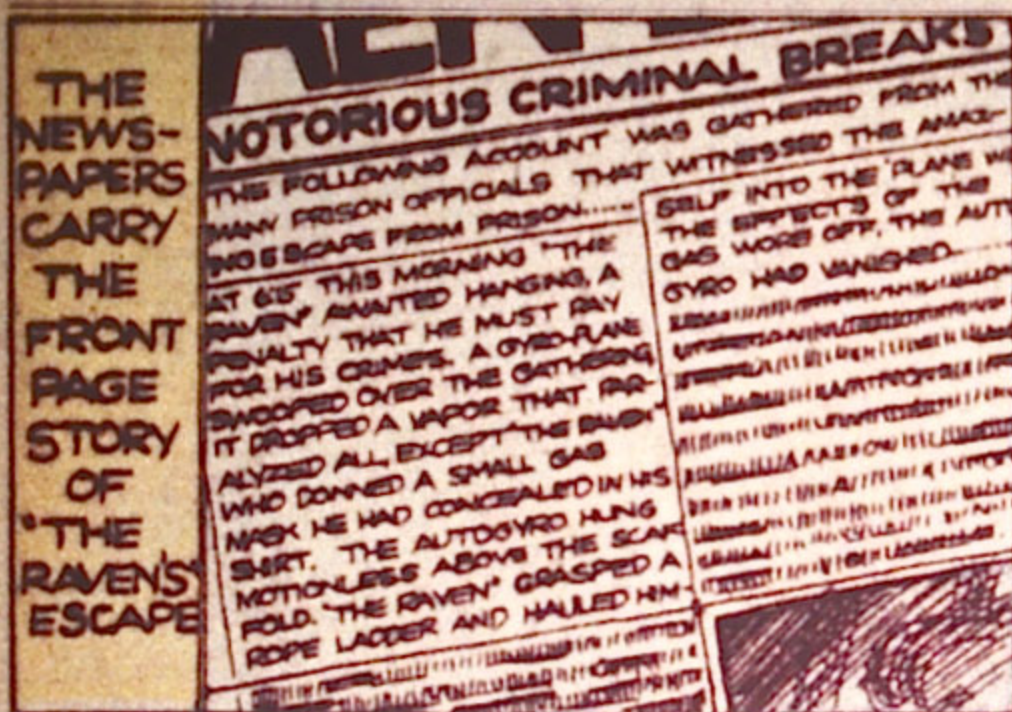


HELLO KENT, THIS IS SCOTLAND
YARD CALLING--YOUR OLD
FRIEND "THE RAVEN"
ESCAPED THIS MORNING,
LITERALLY PLUCKED
FROM UNDER THE
NOSES OF THE
GUARDS WHERE
HE WAS GOING
TO BE HANGED



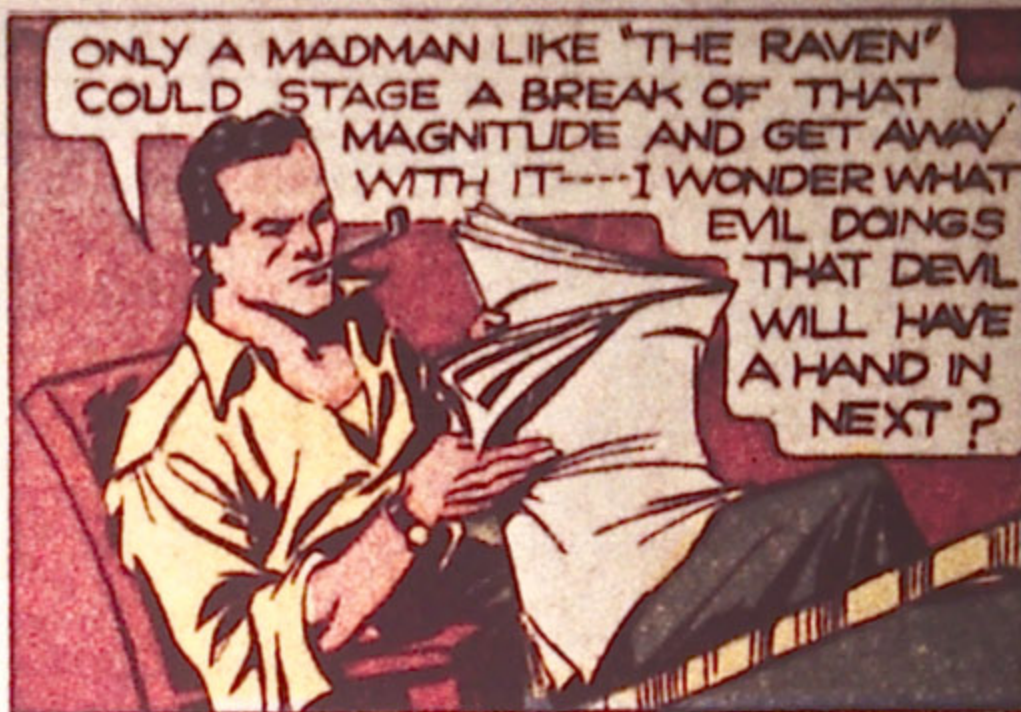
BUT COLONEL,
HOW WAS
ESCAPE
POSSIBLE?
ONE MAN
AGAINST THE
PRISON
GUARDS-----
IT'S
FANTASTIC!

YOU'VE DEALT WITH "THE
RAVEN" BEFORE SO
THE CASE IS YOURS,
KENT--YOU CAN
GET THE DETAILS
OF THE BREAK
FROM THE
MORNING
EDITIONS--
GOOD BY!

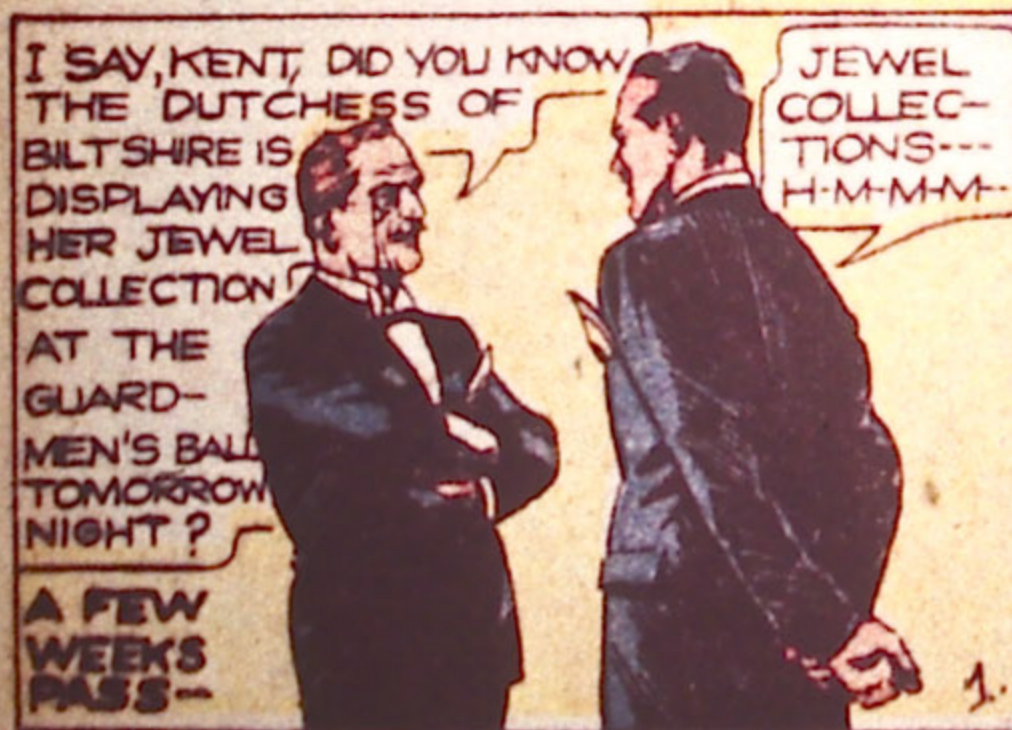


THE
NEWS-
PAPERS
CARRY
THE
FRONT
PAGE
STORY
OF
"THE
RAVEN'S
ESCAPE"

NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL BREAKS
THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT WAS GATHERED FROM THE
MANY PRISON OFFICIALS THAT WITNESSED THE AMAZ-
ING ESCAPE FROM PRISON:-----
AT 6:15 THIS MORNING "THE
RAVEN" AWAITED HANGING, A
PENALTY THAT HE MUST PAY
FOR HIS CRIMES. A OVER-PLANE
SWOOPED OVER THE GATHERING
IT DROPPED A VAPOR THAT PAR-
ALYZED ALL EXCEPT "THE RAVEN"
WHO DONNED A SMALL GAS
MASK HE HAD CONCEALED IN HIS
POCKET. THE AUTOCYRO HUNG
MOTIONLESS ABOVE THE SCAP
FOLD. "THE RAVEN" GRASPED A
ROPE LADDER AND HAILED HIM-



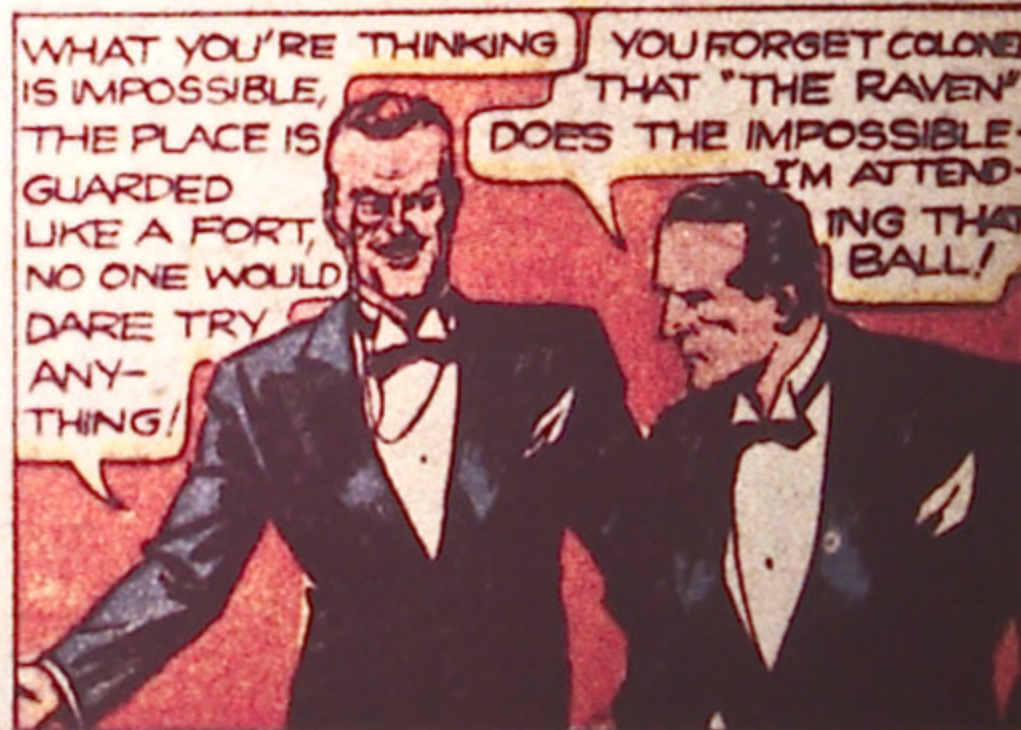
ONLY A MADMAN LIKE "THE RAVEN"
COULD STAGE A BREAK OF THAT
MAGNITUDE AND GET AWAY
WITH IT---I WONDER WHAT
EVIL DOINGS
THAT DEVIL
WILL HAVE
A HAND IN
NEXT?



I SAY, KENT, DID YOU KNOW
THE DUTCHESS OF
BILTSHIRE IS
DISPLAYING
HER JEWEL
COLLECTION
AT THE
GUARD-
MEN'S BALL
TOMORROW
NIGHT?

A FEW
WEEKS
PASS--

JEWEL
COLLEC-
TIONS---
H-M-M-M-



WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
IS IMPOSSIBLE,
THE PLACE IS
GUARDED
LIKE A FORT,
NO ONE WOULD
DARE TRY
ANY-
THING!

YOU FORGET COLONEL
THAT "THE RAVEN"
DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE--
I'M ATTEND-
ING THAT
BALL!

LATER--
INSPECTOR
KENT
IS
ON
BOARD
A
TRAIN
BOUND
FOR
BILTSHIRE!



MUCH
LATER--
AT
THE
GATE
TO
BILTSHIRE
HALL--

COME ON, LET
ME INSIDE--
I HAVEN'T GOT
ALL DAY!

THESE PAPERS ALL
LOOK ALL RIGHT--
YOU MAY GO IN,
SERGEANT WIGGERT
WILL CHECK WITH
SCOTLAND
YARD, I
GUESS!



I REPRESENT
SCOTLAND YARD,
MAY I SPEAK
TO THE
DUTCHESS?

CERTAINLY
SIR--PLEASE
COME IN!

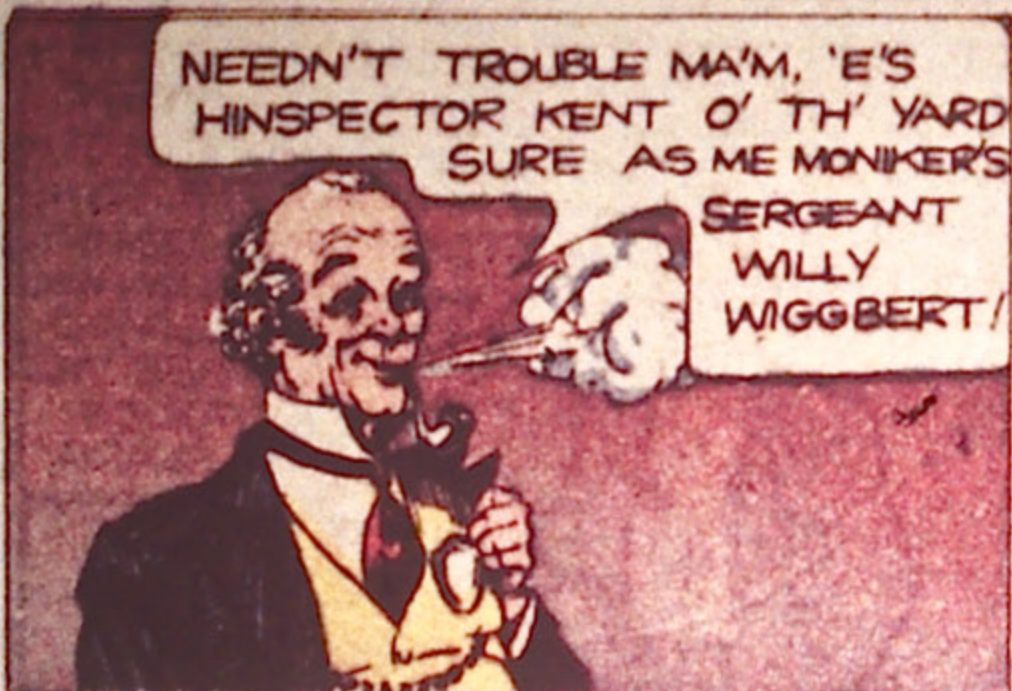


THESE ARE MY CREDENTIALS MADAM,
YOU MAY CALL SCOTLAND YARD TO
VERIFY
THEM, IF
YOU WISH!

YES, I HAD
BETTER MAKE
CERTAIN!



NEEDN'T TROUBLE MA'M, 'E'S
HINSPECTOR KENT O' TH' YARD
SURE AS ME MONIKER'S
SERGEANT
WILLY
WIGBERT!



YOU'RE VERY SURE
OF YOUR SELF,
SERGEANT

A BLOKE 'AS GOT
TO BE SURE OF
'IMSELF WHEN TH'
DUTCHESS'
SPARKLERS
NEEDS
LOOKIN'
HARFTER
!!



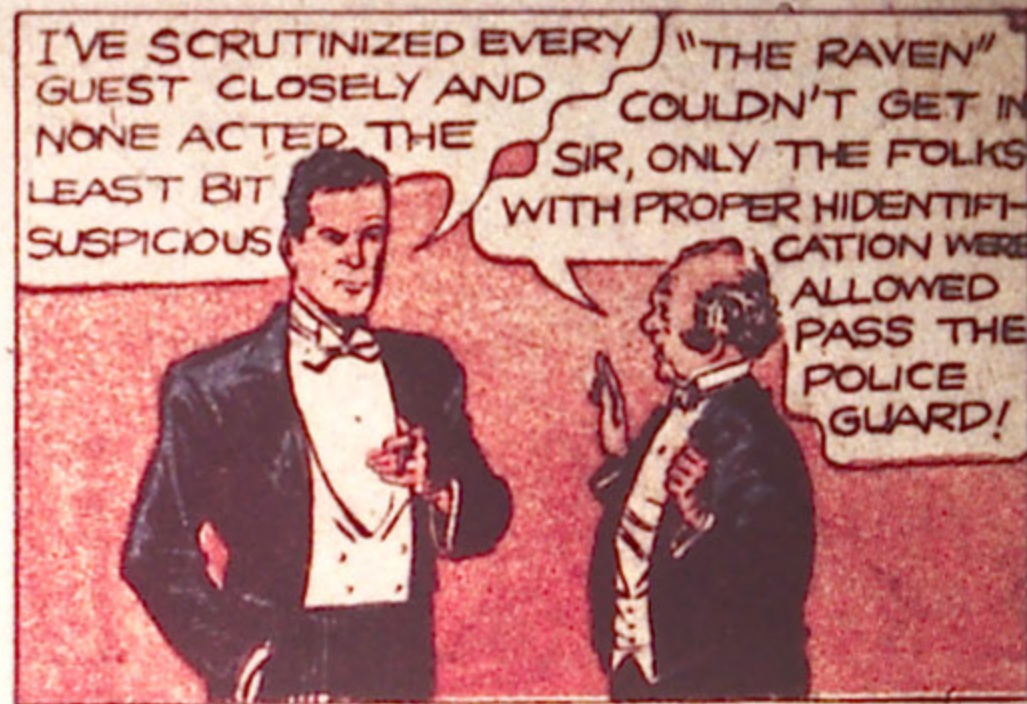
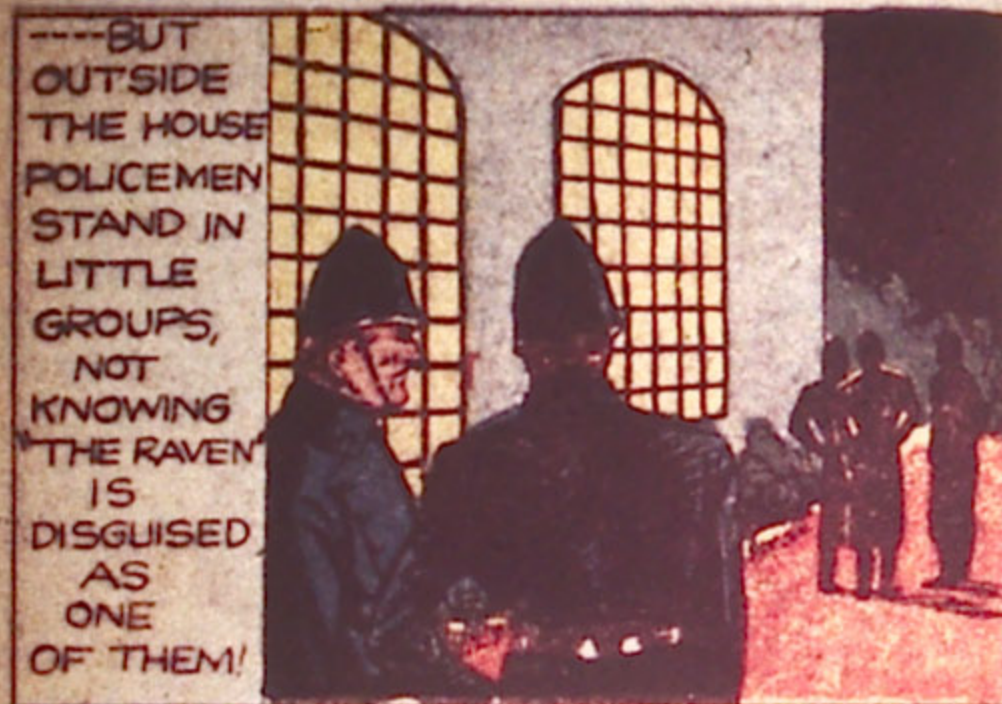
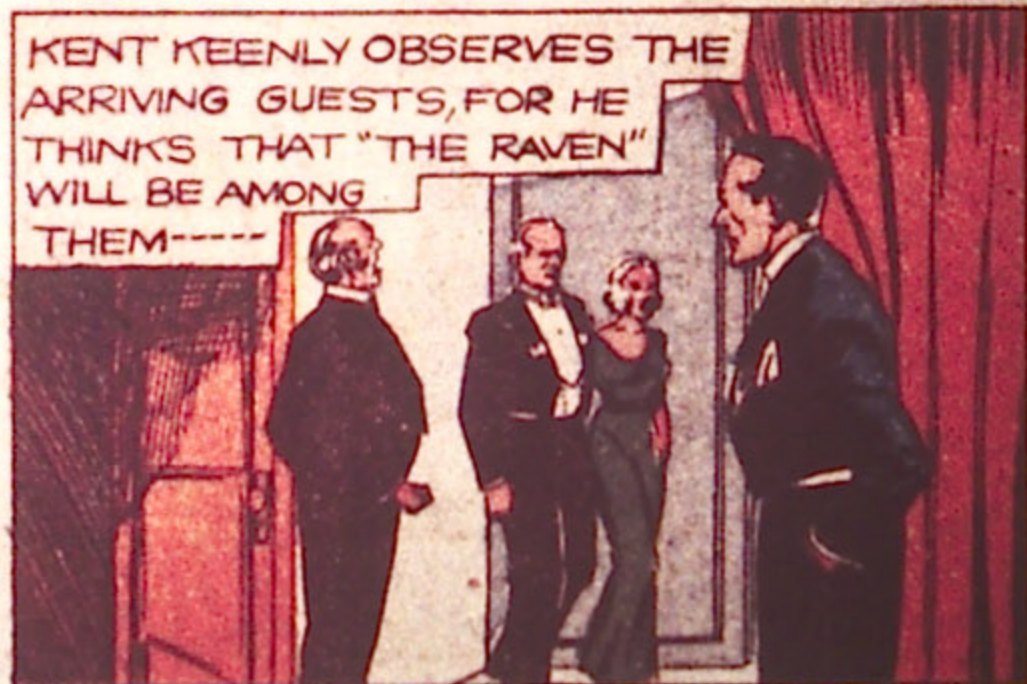
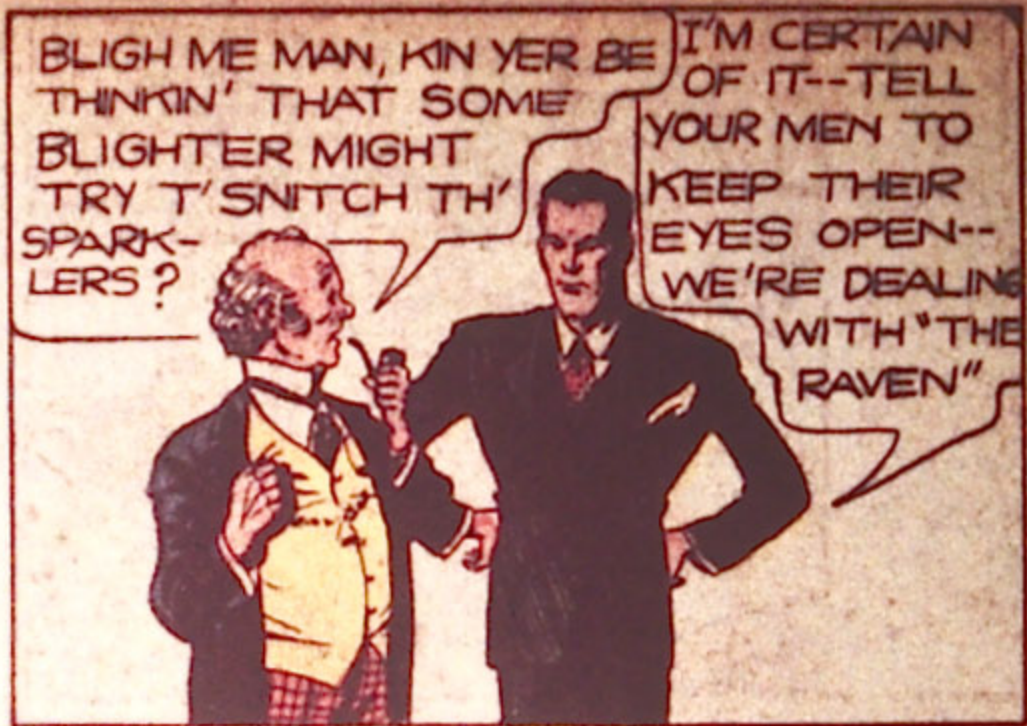
I WANT TO
SEE HOW
WELL THE
JEMS ARE
GUARDED
AGAINST
THEFT

JUS' FOLLER ME
HINSPECTOR,
AN' I'LL BE
DELIGHTED
TO SHOW
YOU!

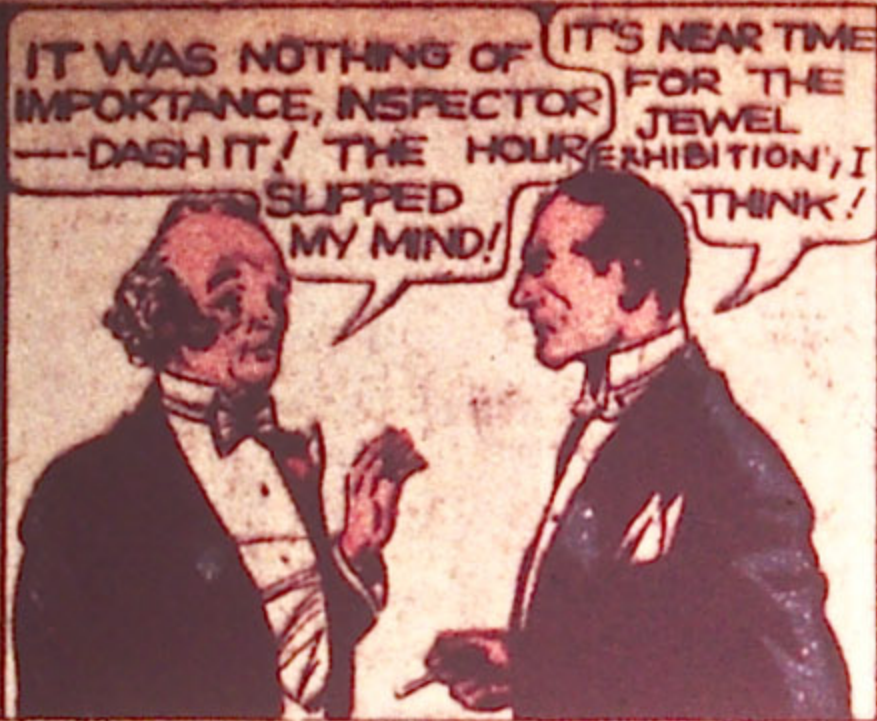


THERE'RE FIFTY ARMED POLICEMEN STATIONED
'ROUND TH' HOUSE AT HINTIVALS, AND IF THE
GLASS ON THESE
JEWEL CASES IS
BROKEN AN ELECTRIC
CIRCUIT SHUTS
STEEL DOORS AND
WINDOWS ALL
OVER THE PLACE
CLEVER, AIN'T IT?



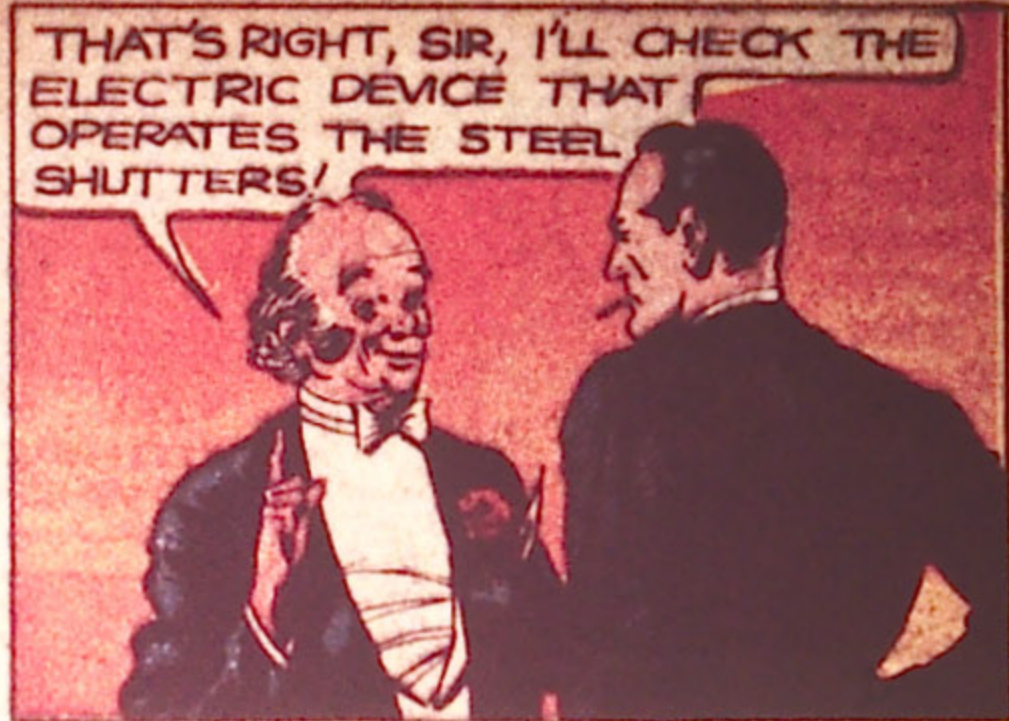


THE DANCE

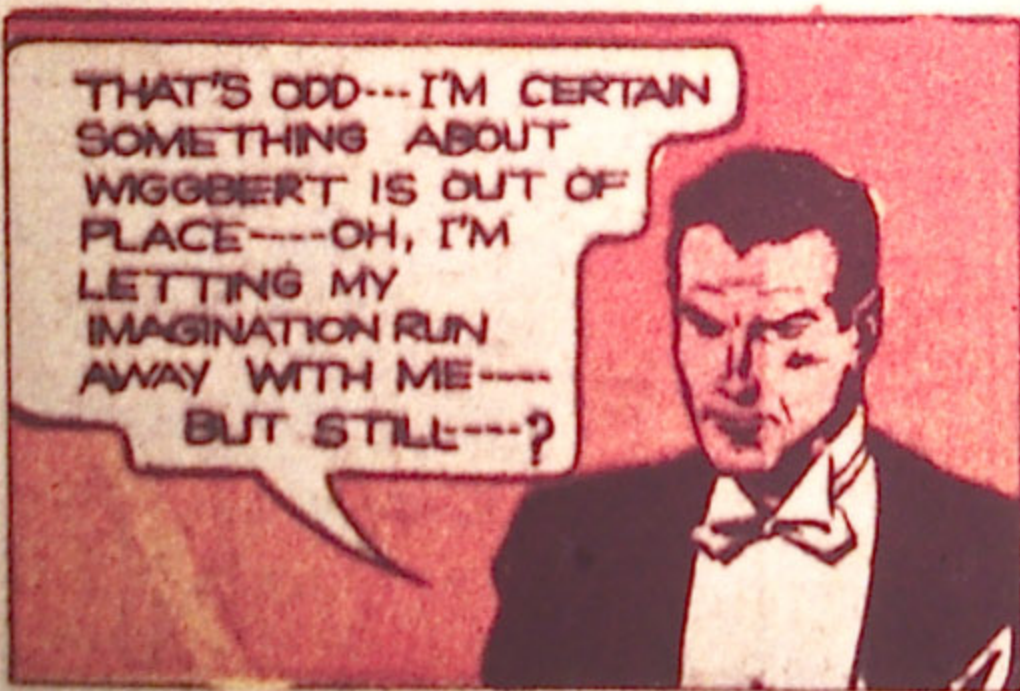


IT WAS NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE, INSPECTOR —DASH IT! THE HOUR SLIPPED MY MIND!

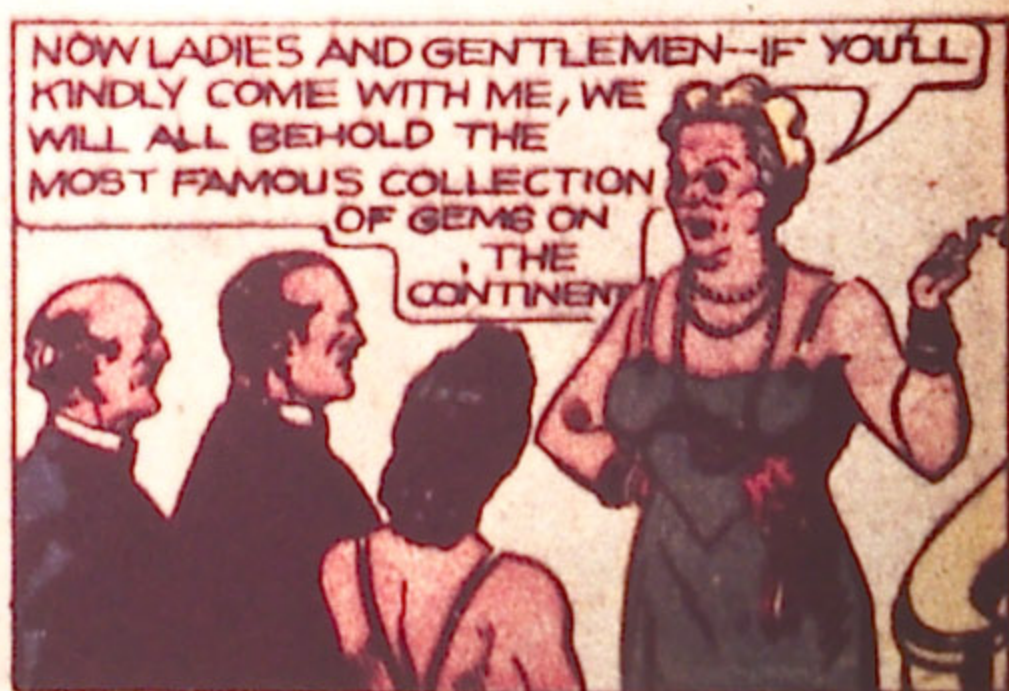
IT'S NEAR TIME FOR THE JEWEL EXHIBITION, I THINK!



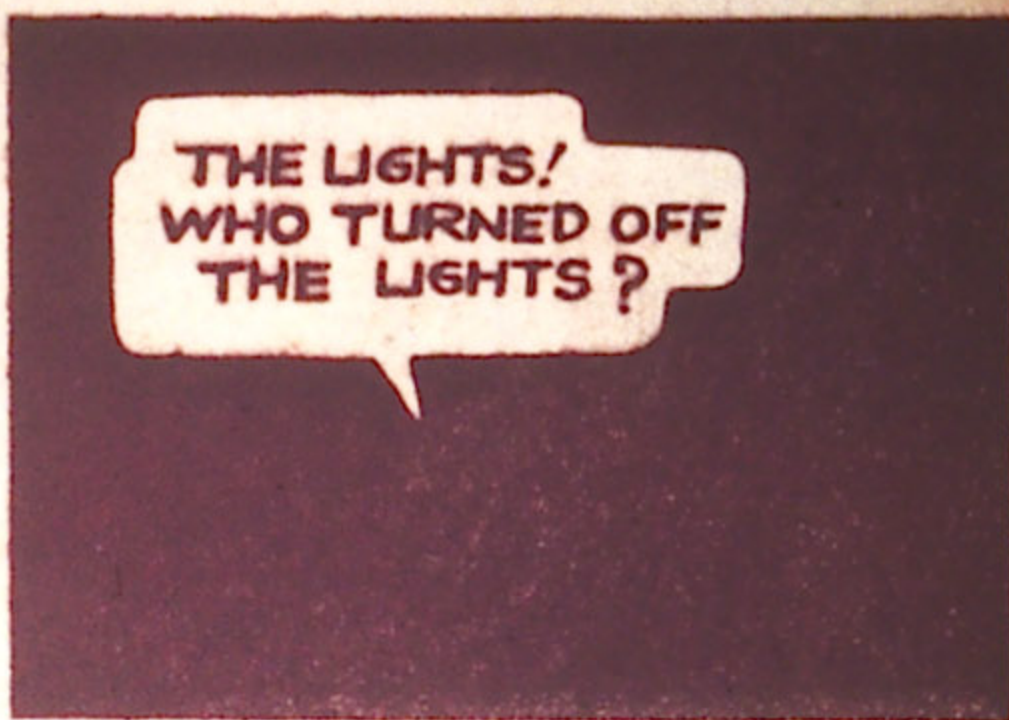
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR, I'LL CHECK THE ELECTRIC DEVICE THAT OPERATES THE STEEL SHUTTERS!



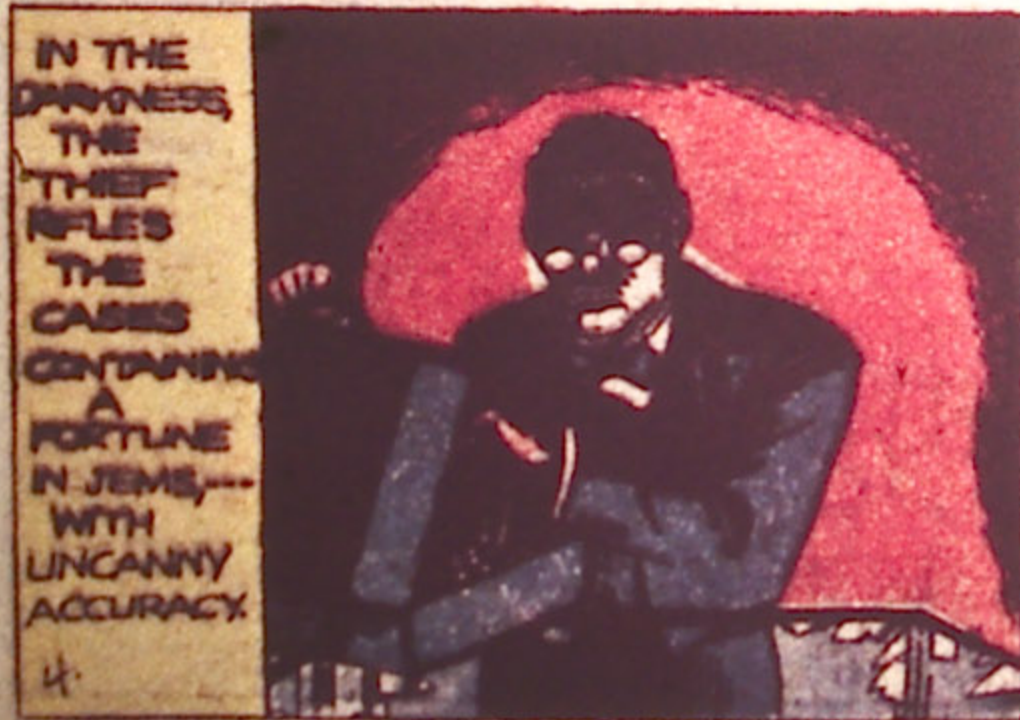
THAT'S ODD---I'M CERTAIN SOMETHING ABOUT WIGBERT IS OUT OF PLACE----OH, I'M LETTING MY IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH ME---- BUT STILL---



NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--IF YOU'LL KINDLY COME WITH ME, WE WILL ALL BEHOLD THE MOST FAMOUS COLLECTION OF GEMS ON THE CONTINENT



THE LIGHTS! WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS?

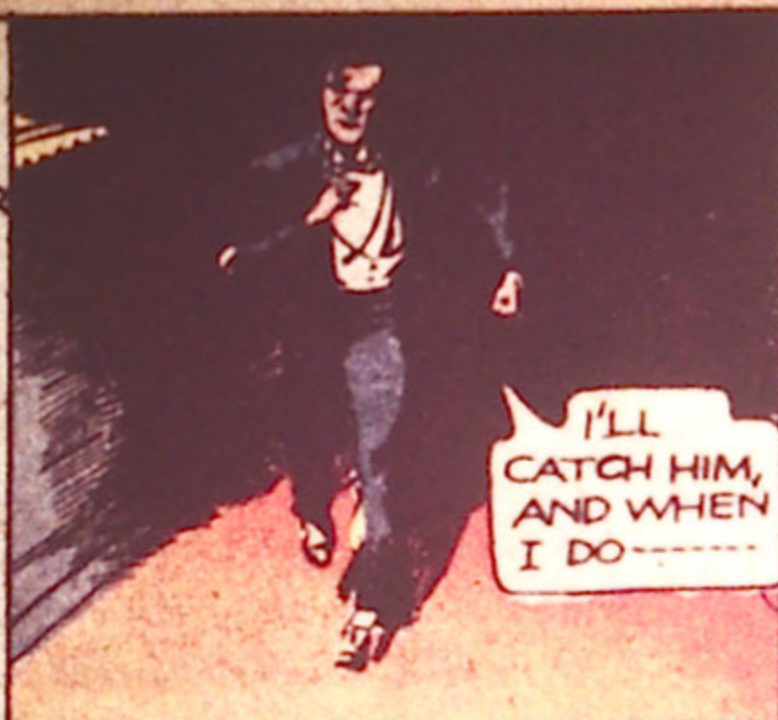


IN THE DARKNESS, THE THIEF FIRES THE CASES CONTAINING A FORTUNE IN JEMS--- WITH UNCANNY ACCURACY.



THERE GOES THE THIEF! HE WON'T GET AWAY!

THE
INSPECTOR
CHASES
AFTER
THE
FLEEING
JEWEL
THIEF—



I'LL
CATCH HIM,
AND WHEN
I DO—

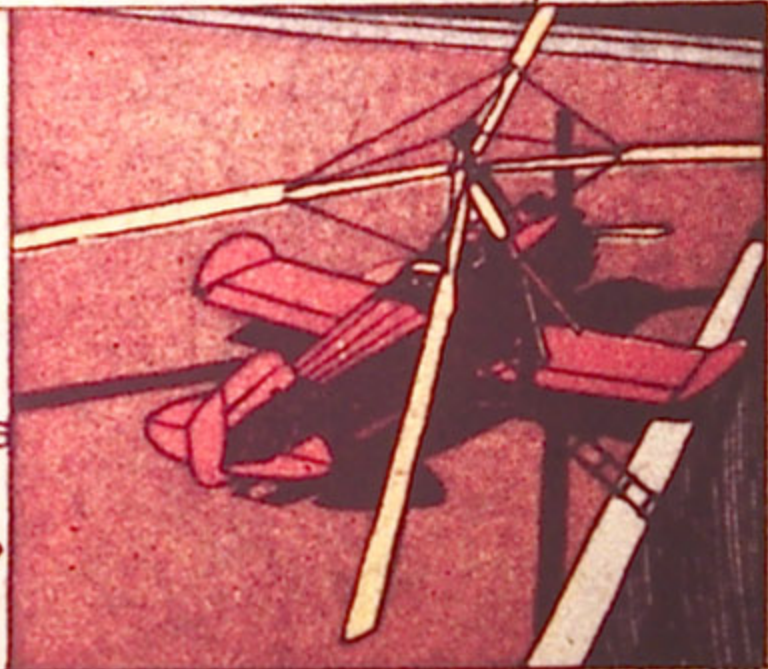
WHO
SWIFTLY
CLIMBS
OUT
A
WINDOW—



—AND
UP
A
ROPE-
LADDER
TO
THE
ROOF!



AN
AUTO-
GYRO
RESTS
ON THE
BROAD
ROOF—
THE
THIEF
CLAMBERS
INTO THE
FORWARD
COCK-PIOT



WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE
AN AIRPLANE
MOTOR WARMING
UP!



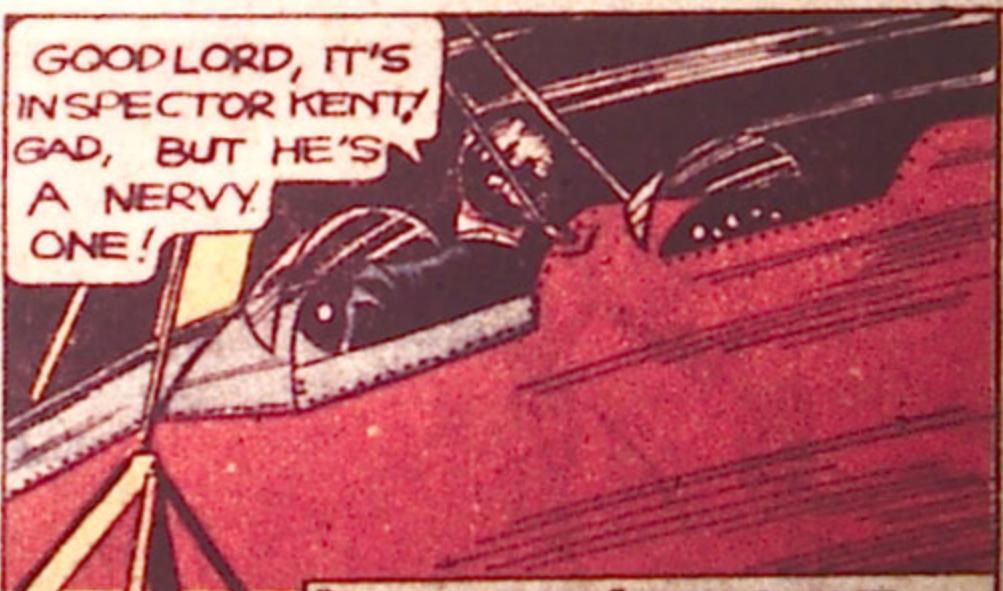
DOWN BELOW, INSPECTOR KENT GRABS THE
ROPE-LADDER AND COMMENCES TO CLIMB



THE GYRO-VANES WHIRL—THEN WITH
A FORWARD MOTION IT THRUSTS INTO THE AIR



—WITH INSPECTOR KENT DANGLING ON
5 THE NARROW ROPE-LADDER BELOW!



GOOD LORD, IT'S
INSPECTOR KENT!
GAD, BUT HE'S
A NERVY
ONE!

"THE RAVEN" FEELS THE
DRAGGING EFFECT OF KENT'S WEIGHT
ON THE AUTOGYRO—HE LOOKS DOWN—

KENT
PULLS
HIMSELF
INTO
THE
BACK
COCK-PI
T
AND
FINDS---



THE
STOLEN
JEWELS!

"THE
RAVEN",
DISGUISED
AS
SERGEANT
WIGGBERT,
THREATENS
INSPECTOR
KENT
WITH
VIOLENT
DEATH!

LISTEN KENT, WHEN I FLIP THIS CRATE OVER, YOU'RE A DEAD INSPECTOR!

RIGHTO! "THE RAVEN" AND YOUR "HARD EARNED" JEWELS GO WITH ME--- THINK IT OVER!



I DID--- I'LL RETURN WITH MY MEN LATER, AND GATHER UP MOST OF THEM--- THERE WON'T BE MUCH LEFT OF YOU TO GATHER UP, THO---



WHAT LUCK--A SEAT PARA-CHUTE!--HE NO DOUBT FORGOT ABOUT IT--- GOT TO SLIP INTO IT QUICK!



THE GYROPLANE FLIPS--KENT DROPS INTO A DELAYED OPENING--- 200 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH HE CRACKS HIS CHUTE AND FLOATS GENTLY TO THE GROUND, TIGHTLY HOLDING THE GRIP CONTAINING A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS IN STOLEN JEWELRY!!



BACK AT THE HALL.

WHEN THAT POLICEMAN GOT ME BACK O' THE BLOOMIN' SHRUBS 'E JUMPED ME--I WUZ OUT LIKE A LAMP.

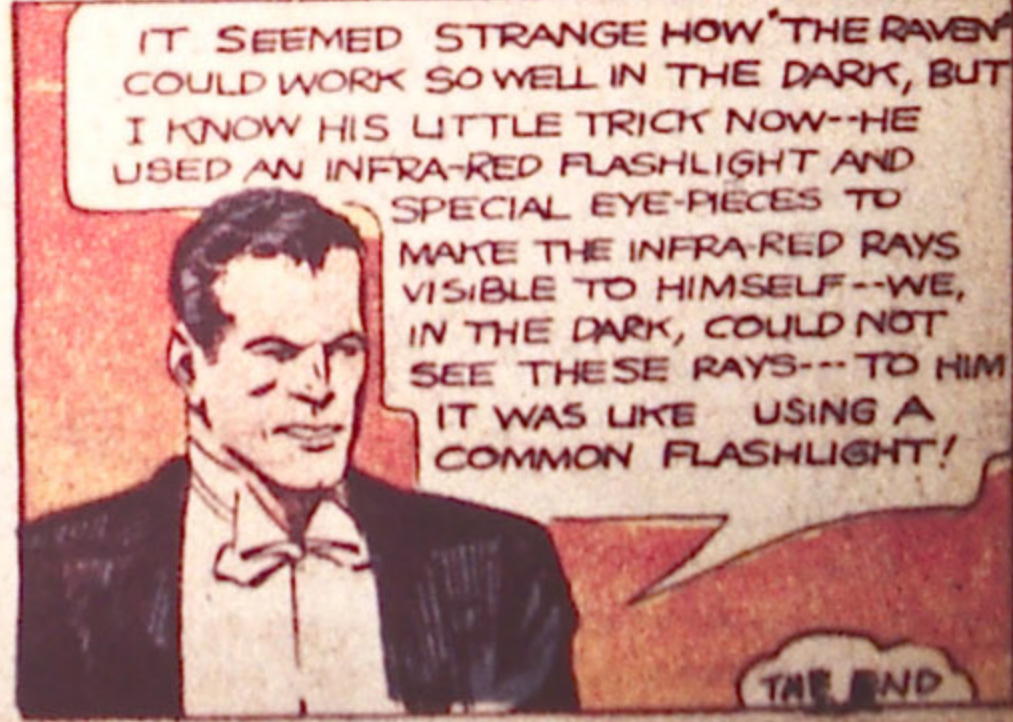
THAT WAS "THE RAVEN"---HE HAD

MADE HIMSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE YOU, BUT MISSED ON THE ACCENT---YOURS IS

COCKNEYISH, WHILE HE, AFFECTED A TYPICALLY ENGLISH ACCENT!



IT SEEMED STRANGE HOW "THE RAVEN" COULD WORK SO WELL IN THE DARK, BUT I KNOW HIS LITTLE TRICK NOW--HE USED AN INFRA-RED FLASHLIGHT AND SPECIAL EYE-PIECES TO MAKE THE INFRA-RED RAYS VISIBLE TO HIMSELF--WE, IN THE DARK, COULD NOT SEE THESE RAYS--- TO HIM IT WAS LIKE USING A COMMON FLASHLIGHT!



THE END

SPEED SAUNDERS

AND *THE SNOW MURDER*

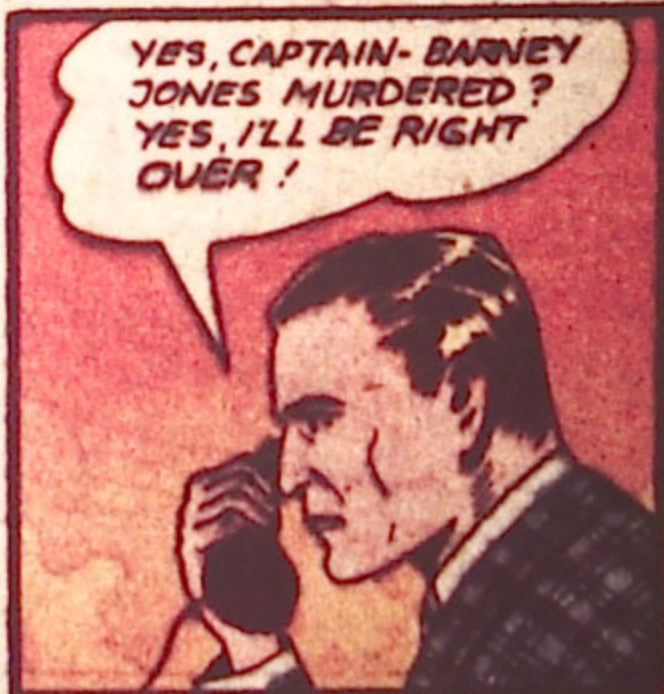
BY FRED GUARDINEER



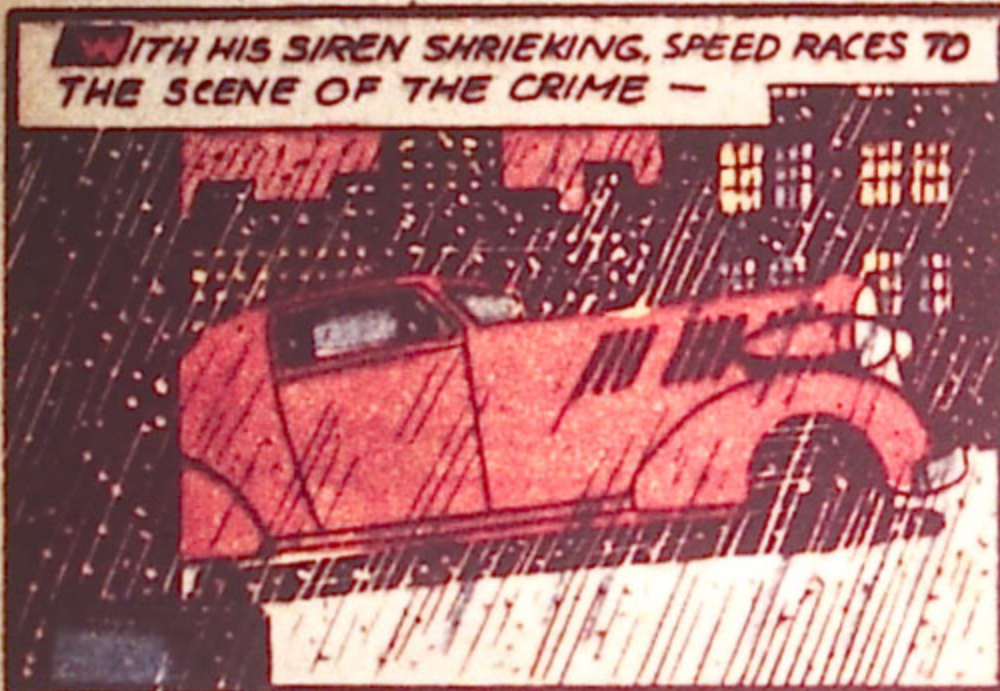
SPEED GOES VISITING AND IS STARTLED BY A SUDDEN TELEPHONE CALL!



YES, CAPTAIN- BARNEY JONES MURDERED? YES, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



WITH HIS SIREN SHRIEKING, SPEED RACES TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME -

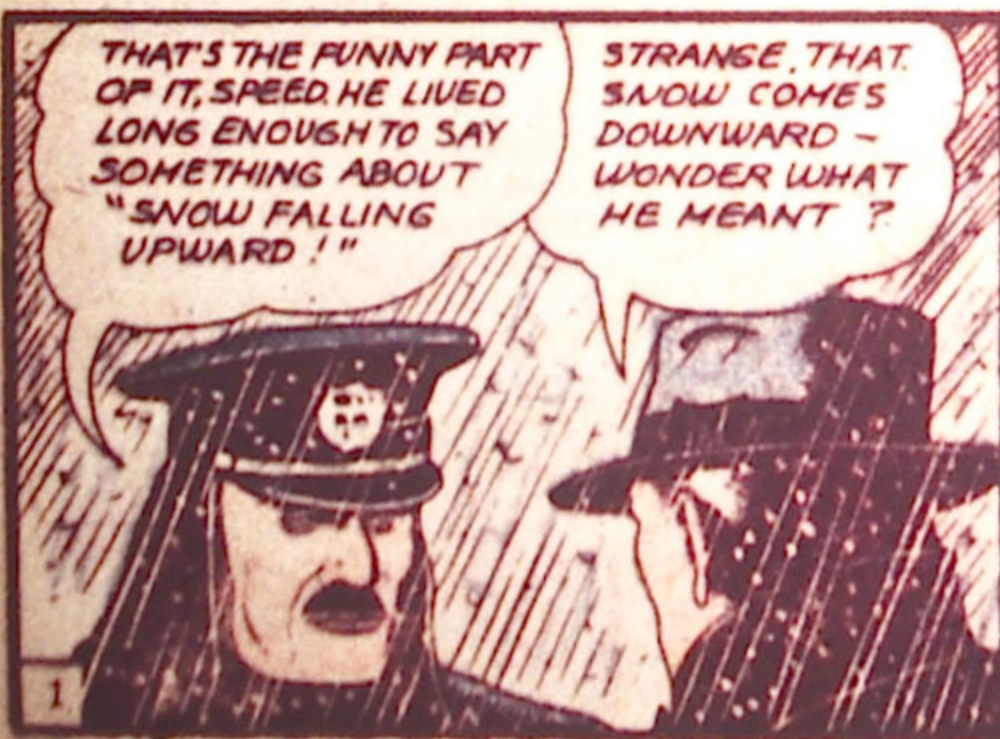


DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN INSTANTANEOUS!

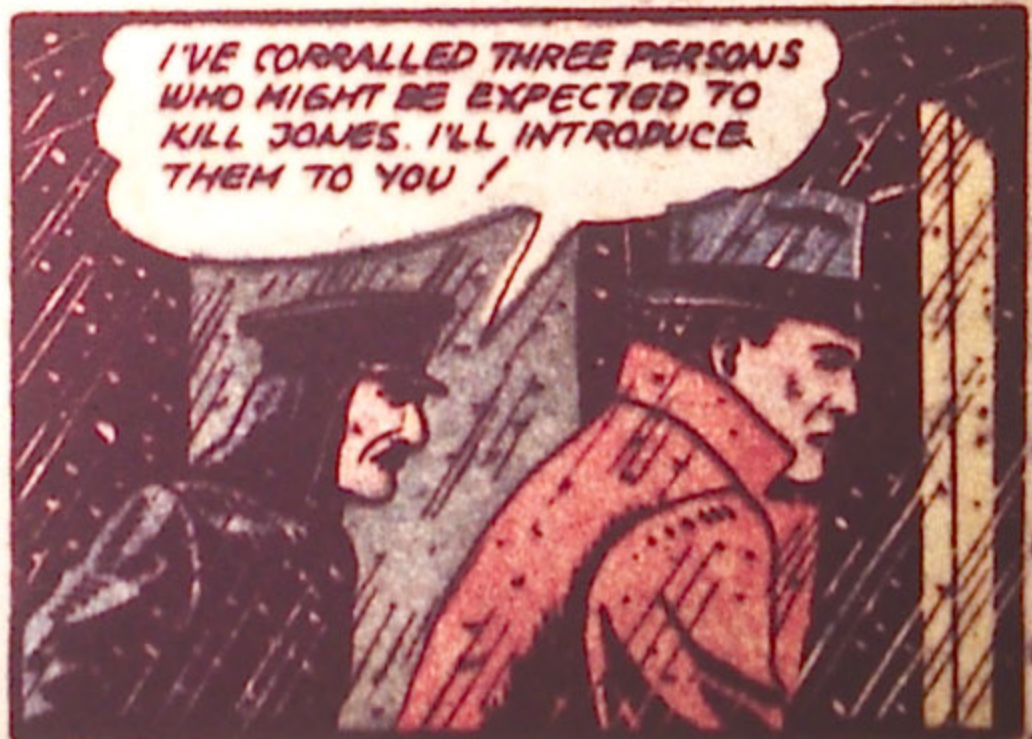


THAT'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT, SPEED. HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT "SNOW FALLING UPWARD!"

STRANGE, THAT. SNOW COMES DOWNWARD - WONDER WHAT HE MEANT?



I'VE CORRALLED THREE PERSONS WHO MIGHT BE EXPECTED TO KILL JONES. I'LL INTRODUCE THEM TO YOU!



THIS IS ROSITA FERNANDEZ - SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN LOVE WITH JONES, BUT HE'S BEEN GOING LATELY WITH ANOTHER DAME!

EVER SEE SNOW FALL UPWARDS?

SNOW FALLING UPWARDS! AM I A FOOL?

THAT LET'S HER OUT - MAYBE! WHOM ELSE HAVE WE?

THIS IS WALTER WESTON, A BANKER. JONES HAD SOME SORT OF HOLD OVER HIM. WESTON MAY HAVE BEEN DESPERATE ENOUGH TO KILL JONES!

IT'S RIDICULOUS - I DIDN'T KILL JONES!

AND THIS IS THE OWNER OF THE STORE. HE USED TO PLACE BETS WITH JONES. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT -

THE MURDER TOOK PLACE OUTSIDE HERE, DIDN'T IT?

YES. AND WE PICKED UP THESE THREE WITHIN A RADIUS OF FOUR BLOCKS. AND EACH OF THEM WAS CARRYING A .45 CALIBRE REVOLVER!

APPARENTLY NONE OF THEM HAVE BEEN FIRED. SIX BULLETS IN EACH - AND ALL THE BARRELS CLEAN!

LET THEM GO, CAPTAIN. YOU TRAIL THE GIRL. I'LL FOLLOW WESTON. SET A MAN TO WATCH THIS STORE OWNER -

SPEED TRAILS THE BANKER THROUGH THE DARK CITY -



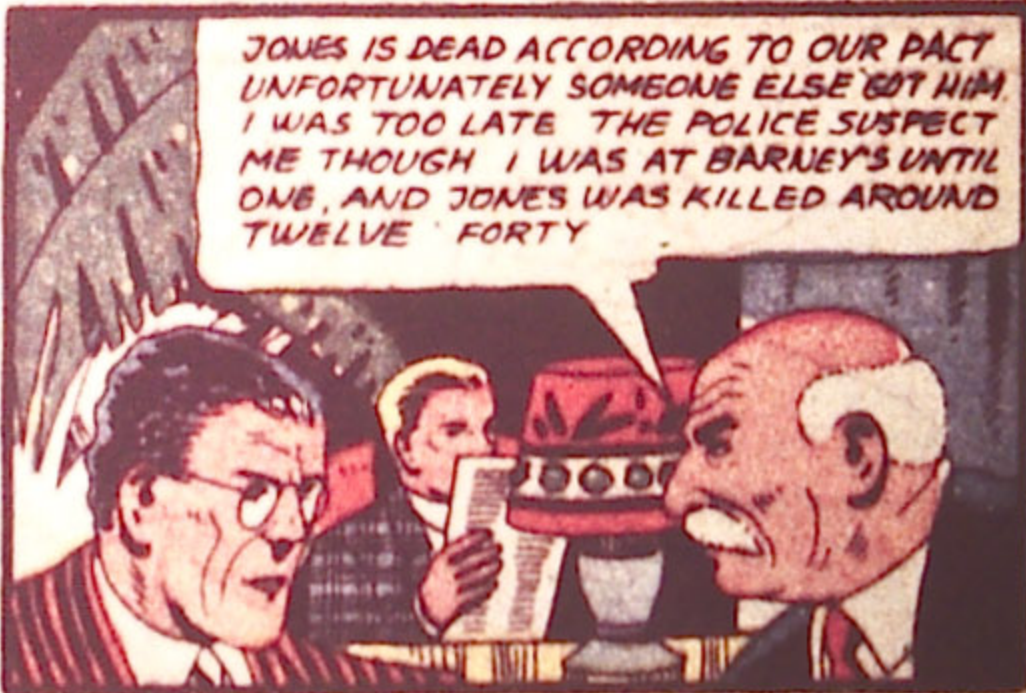
WESTON GOES TO THE BANKER'S CLUB.



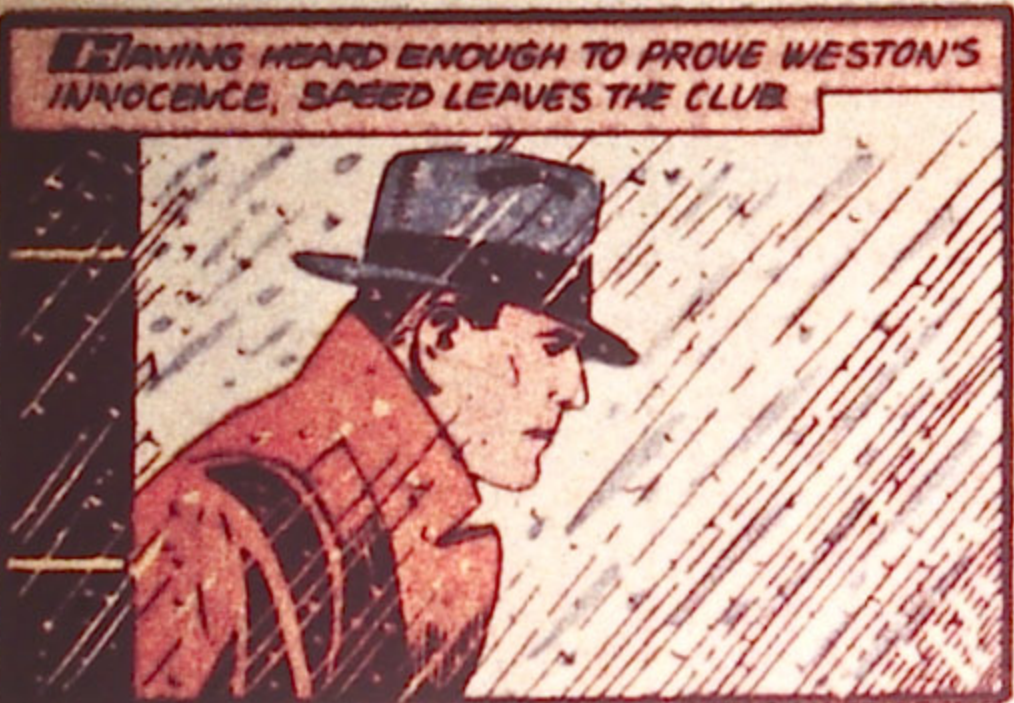
COVERING HIS FACE, SPEED SPIES ON WESTON.



JONES IS DEAD ACCORDING TO OUR PACT UNFORTUNATELY SOMEONE ELSE GOT HIM. I WAS TOO LATE THE POLICE SUSPECT ME THOUGH I WAS AT BARNEY'S UNTIL ONE, AND JONES WAS KILLED AROUND TWELVE FORTY



HAVING HEARD ENOUGH TO PROVE WESTON'S INNOCENCE, SPEED LEAVES THE CLUB.



THIS IS WHERE WESTON WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN AT ONE O'CLOCK!



WESTON, THE BANKER?
YEAH, HE LEFT HERE ABOUT FIVE AFTER ONE. A LITTLE LATE FOR HIM!



THE CAPTAIN RADIOED A MESSAGE FOR YOU TO GO TO WEST END ROAD RIGHT AWAY



THIS IS
ROSITA'S
ADDRESS !

ANYTHING
NEW ?

ROSITA HAS DECIDED
TO TALK !

WESTON SET OUT TO
KILL JONES TO-NIGHT-
I HAVE A GIRL FRIEND
THAT WORKS FOR HIM.
SHE OVERHEARD HIS
PLANS WITH TWO
OTHER MEN; THEY
DREW STRAWS !

WESTON AND THE OTHER
BANKERS WERE BEING
BLACKMAILED BY
JONES FOR SOME
ILLEGAL
SPECULATION
OF THEIRS HE
DISCOVERED !

A WORD, CAPTAIN. I CHECKED
ON WESTON TO-NIGHT. HE WAS
AT BARNEY'S BAR UNTIL
ONE. JONES WAS
DEAD THEN !

THOU ROSITA
IS LYING TO
SAVE HER-
SELF !

WE'LL SEE. LET
HER THINK WE'RE
GOING AFTER
WESTON !

AND THANKS FOR THE TIP
WE'LL GET AFTER
WESTON AT ONCE !

UNKNOWN TO ROSITA, SPEED AND THE
POLICE CAPTAIN SHADOW HER -

THROUGH THE CITY STREETS THE CHASE CONTINUES-



THANKS TO THIS SNOW WE'VE LOST HER!
I'M GOING BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE
MURDER. THERE MUST BE SOME CLUE
WE OVERLOOKED!



NOTHING NEW
AT ALL!



WHEN A SUBWAY RUMBLES UNDERNEATH, THE AIR
FORCED THROUGH THE GRILLE GIVES THE SNOW THE
APPEARANCE OF BLOWING UPWARD!



LOOK!
THE SNOW
FALLING
UPWARDS!

THAT WAS JONES WAY OF
TELLING US WHO COMMITTED
THE MURDER, BUT WE CAN'T
FIGURE IT OUT! LET'S GET
BACK TO ROSITA'S PLACE -
SHE HOLD'S THE KEY TO THIS.



A LITTLE LATER AT ROSITA'S

NOTHING - NOT
A THING! SOME-
ONE'S COMING!
DOUSE THE
LIGHT'S!



UP WITH 'EM,
ROSITA!

OH!



I'LL TALK. ORDWAY - THE STORE
OWNER - KILLED JONES! I WAS
JONES' GIRL BUT HE WAS DITCH-
ING ME ORDWAY OWED JONES
MONEY AND COULDN'T PAY. ORDWAY
WANTED ME BUT JONES FRIGHTENED
HIM!



I WAS TO MEET ORDWAY
JUST NOW, BUT HE DOUBLE-
CROSSED ME. MAYBE -
MAYBE HE'S AT HIS
STORE NOW WITH THE
MONEY HE TOOK FROM
JONES. HE'LL BEAT
IT - GET HIM
FOR ME!



WE'RE TRAVELLING
A LOT TO-NIGHT-BUT
I HOPE WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!



RACING INTO THE STORE, SPEED HURLS
HIMSELF THROUGH THE DOOR AND-----



COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MURDEROUS
ORDWAY!



BUT THE FIENDISH ORDWAY GOES DOWN TO
HIS DEATH AS THE LEAD SLUGS OF JUSTICE
RIP INTO HIS QUIVERING FLESH -



I CAN'T FIGURE
OUT THE HINT
ABOUT THE
SNOW UNLESS -
OF COURSE!



HE MEANT THE
SHOT CAME FROM
THE STORE
NEAR THE
SNOW THAT
FALLS
UPWARD!



---THE END---

CRIME-CURIOSITIES



INSTEAD OF PUTTING UNRULY CONVICTS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT—ONE ENGLISH PRISON FORCES THEM TO WEAR PINK PANTIES



JULIUS CAESAR WAS ONCE KIDNAPPED AND HELD FOR \$15,000 RANSOM. CAESAR INSISTED THAT \$75,000 WOULD BE A MORE WORTHY RANSOM! UPON HIS RELEASE HE CAPTURED THE BAND WHICH HELD HIM CAPTIVE!



STATISTICS SHOW THAT THIEVES ARE MOST ACTIVE IN THE FALL!



TRAFFIC VIOLATORS OF ZAGREB, YUGOSLAVIA, ARE MADE TO PULL OVER TO THE CURB AND THEN TO DEFLATE THEIR TIRES!



WHEN THE POLICE OF BULGARIA CATCH A PICKPOCKET THEY PAINT HIS EARS WITH RED, INDELIBLE INK FOR FUTURE IDENTIFICATION!



A GUILD OF THIEVES IN DAMASCUS, SYRIA—BEING DISPLEASED WITH THE POLICE—CALLED A STRIKE IN HOPES THAT IT WOULD PUT POLICEMEN OUT OF WORK!

